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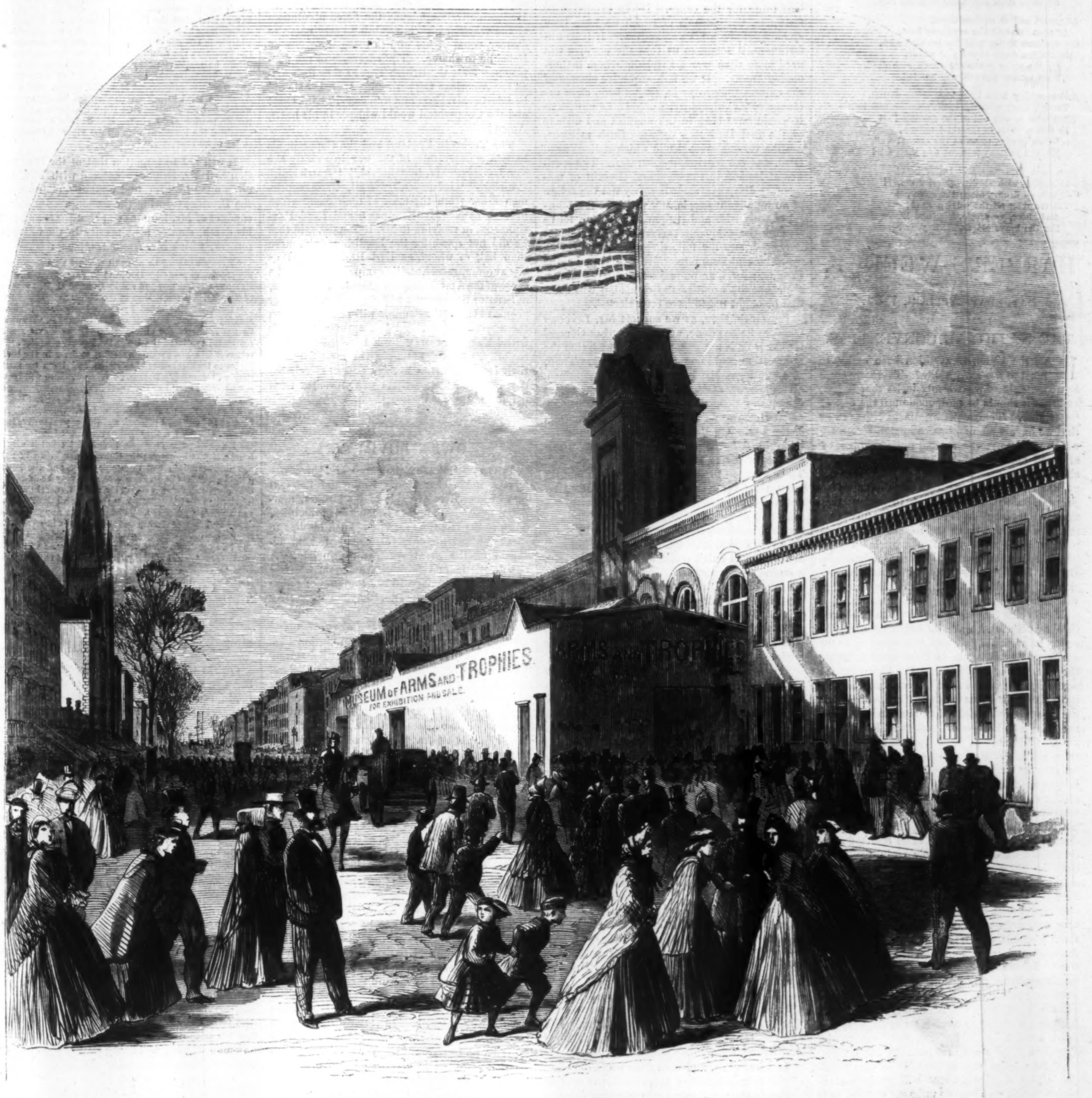
THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS.

WE give on this page views of the buildings on Fourteenth Street, and on page 228 those on Union Square, which have been erected and adapted for the uses of the Metropolitan Fair. The buildings on Fourteenth Street are appropriated to the exhibition and sale of the many varieties of goods contributed—the main building of the group, that with a cupola, forming a great bazar, with departments adjoining for the exhibition of pictures, for restaurant purposes, etc. The Book Department is in this building. These are the main buildings of the Fair, and to the majority of visitors will form the principal point of interest. The building erected over the sidewalk, and extending beyond it into the street, is occupied in part by the Indian Wigwam of Mr. BIERSTADT, the artist, in which Indian dresses and curiosities are exhibited; and during the Fair a band of the "Red Men" will perform some of their dances, and give other illustrations of Indian life. Another part of this building will be occupied by the Ordnance Department, which will give to our peaceful citizens a glimpse of the field and garrison appointments with which our brave defenders have lately become as familiar as they were aforetime with the plow and plane, or any other implement of industry. The Firemen's display in these buildings is creditable at once to the generosity and taste of this important branch of the public service.

The building on Union Square is appropriated, among other things, to a Children's Department, which will be remembered as one of the pleasantest features of the Fair. In this department daily entertainments will be furnished, during the Fair, by some thousands of children. There are ten booths, one containing a miniature skating-pond; another embracing contributions from the public schools; a third gifts from benevolent societies, etc. Another feature of the Union Square buildings is the Knickerbocker Kitchen, in which New York, as it was long years ago, is reproduced for the gratification of the Young New York of to-day. Here, too, as the Fair goes on, our friends from the country, whose ancestors used to make pilgrimages to New York once a year, half a century or so ago, will be able to see illustrated precisely the manners, customs, and life which their fathers looked upon, and can thus determine, from personal examination, in how far the new life is an improvement upon the old. Probably, however, some may conclude that the old life was better, more practical and full of soul, than the new, in whose responsibilities we all are sharing.



THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE TORN BATTLE-FLAG.

Overhead are the milk-white clouds,
  And the liquid blue of the April sky;
On either side are the jubilant crowds,
  And the marble buildings towering high,
    As up the street the veterans come
    With screaming fife and rattling drum.

In front, by the color-sergeant borne,
  Is the battle-flag that each loves well,
Grimy with battle smoke, and torn
  By the whistling bullet and bursting shell;
    And long and loud the people cheer
    At sight of the flag that each holds dear.

Its stars were once of a glittering gold
  On a field of glorious azure bright,
Of newest silk was each shining fold,
  With stripes of crimson and purest white,
    And delicate hands of women made
    The woven tassel and corded braid.

As the drums beat loud and the people cheer
  Each veteran there remembers the day
When, parting with wives and sweet-hearts dear,
  From their peaceful homes they came away,
    And bade farewell to their native hills,
    To the verdant meadows and sweet-voiced rills.

Ah, through what scenes of strife since then
  Has that tattered battle-flag been borne!
What meaning is there to these valiant men
  In each fluttering remnant stained and torn!
    And proudly they follow it up the street
    While the shrill fifes scream and the loud drums beat.

It tells of marches through wind and rain,
  In the summer heat and the solemn night!
It tells of a gallant comrade slain
  Who bore it safely in many a fight—
    Of the sudden skirmish where brave men bled,
    Of the battle-field with its gory dead.

It tells of capture by traitorous foe,
  Of rescue again by the hand of friend;
It tells of the enemy's overthrow,
  Which must and shall be the glorious end,
    When their fitful, ill-begotten rag
    No more shall insult the dear old flag.

At sunset and at earliest morn,
  At noon beneath the scorching heat,
On Southern slopes 'mid the tasseled corn,
  In trodden fields of rye and wheat,
    Up the rocky pathway, strewn with dead,
    That banner the advance has led.

And now they have brought it home at last,
  Though black with the battle's smoke and torn—
What tales it will tell of the stirring Past
  In future years to the child unborn,
    When gazing, mute, at the arsenal wall,
    His eye on that tattered flag shall fall!

Beat, beat, ye drums, still louder beat!
  Play fifes, with shriller, merrier sound!
Roll out, oh drums, along the street,
  Till trembles all the solid ground!
    And cheer, ye people, long and louder cheer,
    For the brave old flag that your hearts hold dear!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 9, 1864.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

HAS the Union Convention been called to meet at too early a day? There are some loyal journals which warmly insist that it has, and that it should be postponed until the first of September. Their chief argument seems to be that we have a momentous campaign before us, which requires the hearty and united support of all good citizens, while the discussion of the claims of the candidates will certainly distract us, and consequently weaken our efforts. One journal, indeed, goes so far as to suggest that the coming campaign is in some sense final, and that if we do not crush the rebellion this summer we shall relinquish the struggle—a view which seems to us simply incomprehensible. But all the advocates of postponing the nomination are agreed that the failure of the campaign will be the virtual defeat of Mr. Lincoln.

Now, since there is a President to be elected in November, and since he ought certainly, in order to secure a full and fair canvass, to be nominated at least two or three months before the election, it is clear that the argument for postponement drawn from the campaign is very inconclusive, because it can not be assumed that the campaign will end before the fine weather is passed. The battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chicamauga, and Lookout Mountain were all fought in the autumn or winter; and because we may be unfortunate in the opening, it does not follow that we may not be victorious at the close of the campaign. If it be asked whether great reverses during the summer would not be the proof of an incompetency in the conduct of the war which ought to be rebuked rather than rewarded? the reply is in the other question whether the best soldiers known to the country, and most cordially approved by loyal men, are not now in the chief military positions, and vested with all necessary discretion? If they are, and—after doing their best—fail, do these journals propose to sneer at the "interference" and "mismanagement" in Washington? Lieutenant-General Grant, with a practically supreme military command, directs the pending operations. Even the stoutest advocates of postponing the nomination profess full faith in his ability to annihilate or disperse the rebel armies, but if he does not—woe to the President! is their remarkable conclusion. That he will be held responsible is very possible. That disappointment will produce a reaction which may lead to unhappy results, as it did in New York two years ago, when Mr. Seymour was elected Governor, is very likely; but we are now considering what is wisest—what really thoughtful and loyal men and journals ought to advise.

And that brings us to the fundamental weakness of this whole policy of delay. It is simply an assumption that the candidacy of Mr. Lincoln is to depend not upon the whole course of his administration for three years in the midst of frightful and unprecedented perils and disasters, but simply upon the issue of one campaign, which, by the admission of the objectors, is in the best hands to which it could be confided. Now to this reasoning we utterly object. These authorities admit that the present Administration has been, upon the whole, so "successful and fair," that it inspires more confidence than any untried Administration is likely to do. Why, then, we ask, should it be condemned by one detail? Upon what reasonable grounds is it maintained that the general success of three years is to be outweighed by the issue of a single campaign? If we have expressed an earnest preference for the re-election of the President, it is exactly because his course has been, "upon the whole, so successful and fair." It is because, in the extraordinary exigencies of these three years, he has shown such sagacity and fidelity, because he has so truly represented the great public opinion of that very heterogeneous mass, the American people, and has brought their cause steadily forward toward victory, that we can not agree that it is a wise thing to set him aside, even if General Grant does not annihilate or disperse the rebel armies before the first of September, or even if he should suffer a reverse.

Indeed, whatever the event of the coming campaign may be, we think his re-election the best thing for the cause. If the campaign be fortunate, the journals of which we have been speaking concede his nomination. If it be unfortunate, it seems to us that the country will need more than ever a President whom it thoroughly knows. If we fail, an entire change of the executive department, except upon clear evidence of its culpability, would be as unwise as it would have been in the anguish and dismay of the first Bull Run defeat. Such moments are the very emergencies in which nations need tried, and not untried, magistrates. The sacrifice of leaders to the rage and chagrin of momentary disappointment is surely not the action of an intelligent people, nor will it be the counsel of truly wise and patient men. For, let us suppose the campaign successful, the President re-elected, and the following winter and spring operations unfortunate. He will then be the President for four more years, and yet by this argument the event of the campaign will show that he ought not to have been elected.

Inasmuch, then, as we support Mr. Lincoln for what he has done, and not for what General Grant is or is not going to do, we wish that the nomination could be made by May-day. Then, if, as we hope, Mr. Lincoln were the nominee, all difference among loyal Union men would cease, and their undivided interest, sympathy, and energy would be given to the prosecution of the war. On the other hand, if the nomination be deferred until September, the whole summer will ring with the preliminary contest. To be exposed to such a debate for five months more, then to be involved possibly in disaster, and obliged, in the midst of the universal tumult and disappointment, to select a candidate for the Presidency, does not seem to us to promise a very desirable result. How the Union men are to gain in unity, peace, and concord by such a course we do not see. Indeed, the collective wisdom of Mr. Belmont's Chicago Convention would undoubtedly advise us to do that very thing. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Find out what the enemy wishes you to do, and then with all your might don't do it, was Napoleon's advice.

But it is said that the war Democrats will wish to join in the nomination. Certainly they will. And what prevents them? They and we are equally devoted to the cause, and the names of Generals Grant, Burnside, Butler, Dix, Logan, and Wallace, now in the highest and most important commands, show that there is no partisan bias in the conduct of the Administration, while its policy has no more faithful friends than they. Into what convention could these gentlemen and their companions enter but into a Union convention? And in what other assembly would their position and claims be so honored and acknowledged? It is, we presume, a matter of course, that one of the two names presented by that convention will be that of an old Democrat who has proved his democracy by his unconditional fidelity to the Union and Government. What Patrick Henry said of the Colonies is now true of old party lines: "Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of Colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinctions between Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." So say we all. The boundaries of party are thrown down. We are not Democrats or Republicans, but loyal American citizens.

In that spirit, and at a time when our view of the requirements of the Presidency may be unclouded by temporary excitement, let us name the man, whoever he may be, whose career certifies the fidelity, the patience, and the sagacity that we need, and God defend him and the right!

MR. "TEAR'EM" IN PARLIAMENT AND IN CONGRESS.

Mr. Roebuck, in the British Parliament, has been throwing dirt at our Government with amusing ferocity, and Mr. Senator Saulsbury, and gentlemen who sympathize with him, have been doing the same thing in Congress. This is perfectly intelligible. Mr. Roebuck is the representative in Parliament of the hate with which a privileged class regards a government of the people; just as Mr. Saulsbury and his friends represent in this country the class and the policy which have always trampled upon the equal rights of men, which is the fundamental principle of our system. So long as the express and essential Constitutional guarantees of personal liberty and the right of speech for all citizens of the United States were openly scorned and lawlessly smothered in blood, throughout all the slave States, and in time of perfect peace, these latter-day patriots could see no danger to the Union or to the Government. They voted and acted in perfect accord with the despotism which left the country no alternative but the subversion of the Government or civil war. And now that the country has elected the latter they devote all their energies to perplexing and thwarting its efforts, and securing the restoration of that despotism in all its fatal supremacy.

The epithets of scorn and contempt which Mr. Senator Saulsbury pours upon the Administration, the official representative of the American people, are re-echoed across the water by the bitter British Tory. It is not surprising. He instinctively applauds the fierce absolutism of the rebels, which is straining every nerve to destroy equal rights and to bring the name of Republic to shame. The successes of the people exasperate the British Tory as they dishearten the American Copperhead. If Grant should be defeated Mr. Roebuck would cry, Thank God! and the Copperhead would whisper in his heart, Amen!

The Tories in England and the Copperheads in this country talk of the war in exactly the same strain. It is "horrid," "fratricidal," "wicked," "infamous." Well, these gentlemen differ from the mass of their countrymen in each case. Mr. Kinglake and Lord Palmerston, in replying to Mr. Roebuck, said that he did not speak for the English people, more than half of whom, as Earl Russell told us last autumn, most heartily sympathized with the cause of the American Government. So at home, as Senator Saulsbury will remember, the sober people of Ohio (the Senator will perhaps pardon the expression) differed last autumn from his friend Vallandigham by a hundred thousand majority, and did not have the least fear that their lawful liberties were in danger merely because Mr. Vallandigham was prevented from helping the rebels destroy them.

OWEN LOVEJOY.

In Owen Lovejoy the cause of Democracy loses a noble champion. From the moment that he rose from the side of his brother, murdered by the hate of free Democratic principles, down to the last time that he opened his lips to speak, he was the cheerful, steady, fervent advocate of the great American principle. A characteristic and faithful American, whoever studies his character will see the kind of moral heroism and dignity produced by our distinctive principles.

In his earlier career he was a clergyman, and he did not leave his faith behind him, but took it with him into Congress as he carried thither his generous heart, genial temper, and trenchant speech. His companions in Congress of every party-sympathy mingled their regrets over his grave. Mr. Odell, of New York, in whose neighborhood, in Brooklyn, Mr. Lovejoy died, said that his efforts to suppress the rebellion were paramount to every other consideration. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, said that what Mr. Lovejoy believed he expressed, and was at all times prepared to defend his positions. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, said that he was not afraid to vindicate the right any where. Mr. Farnsworth, of Illinois, knew him as a good neighbor. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, found him always pushing vigorously on to promote what he thought the interests of his country and race. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, declared him wise, vigilant, incorruptible.

They are noble words to be truly spoken of any man; nor will any one doubt that they were true of him. His name as the brother of Elijah P. Lovejoy—as much a martyr to liberty as Nathan Hale—and for his own brave words and unspotted life, will be always noted in our history. The laborers are called away, but the work goes on. Devotion to the Democratic principle of equal liberty before the laws must be its own reward. With Owen Lovejoy it was so. His steady soul pursues its career; but wherever it may be, its faith in the love of God and the brotherhood of men is no surer than when his visible life illustrated it.

DOUGLAS AS A UNION MAN.

In his recent striking speech upon Reconstruction, Mr. Arnold of Illinois—who in the last Congress introduced the bill establishing the freedom of the Territories, and, during this session, the resolution for a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery—recounts in a graphic and picturesque manner many of the incidents in our recent history. The whole speech will be read with peculiar interest as a review and defense of the present Administration. We have room but for one or two passages which the friends of Mr. Douglas will see with especial satisfaction:

> "No so impressive an inauguration as that of Mr. Lincoln has occurred since the inauguration of Washington. He had been threatened with assassination, and the rebels had intended his murder as he passed through Baltimore. On his arrival here he found the public offices filled with traitors. Strange as it may seem, the rebel generals Lee, and Joe and Albert Johnson, and Ewell and Hill, Stewart and Magruder, Pemberton and Winder, held in March and April, 1861, leading positions in our Army. Traitors were every where. The citizens of Washington were, a large portion of them, in sympathy with the rebels. Secession had been preceded by secret conspiracy, concocted by those holding the highest official trusts. It had been veiled by perjured professions of loyalty. On Mr. Lincoln's arrival here these were the men he found in all the public offices, and he was encircled on every side by spies and traitors. None who witnessed it will ever forget the scene of that inauguration. Standing on the eastern front of the Capitol, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House of Representatives, the high officers of the army and navy around him, a mingled crowd of traitors and patriots, with many an eye looking searchingly into his neighbor's to learn whether he gazed upon a traitor or a friend; standing there amidst scowling enemies with murder and treason in their hearts, Lincoln was cool and determined. He read his inaugural with a voice clear and distinct enough to be heard by twice ten thousand people. When with reverent look he swore by the Eternal God that he would faithfully "*preserve, protect, and defend*" the Constitution, his great rival Douglas stood, *not by accident*, at his side. Douglas knew, perhaps, better than the President himself, the dangers and difficulties which surrounded him. He was observed to whisper in the ear of Mr. Lincoln, and I believe gave to the President the assurance that in the dark and difficult future he would stand by him and give him his utmost aid in upholding the Constitution and crushing treason and rebellion. Nobly did Douglas redeem that pledge. After the rebel attack on Sumter, he boldly made the well-known declaration that there could now be but two parties, patriots and traitors. Had he lived he would have sustained the President with all the vigor and energy peculiar to his character."

It will not be forgotten that at the Inauguration ball Mr. Douglas entered with Mrs. Lincoln upon his arm, and remained near her and the President during the evening. Indeed the conduct of Mr. Douglas at that time, and until his death, showed his sincerity in the following remark, which Mr. Arnold reports:

> "Here I will pause a moment to state a most remarkable prediction made by Douglas in January, 1861. The statement is furnished to me by General C. B. Stewart, of New York, a gentleman of the highest respectability.
>
> "Douglas was asked by Colonel Stewart (who was making a New Year's call on Mr. Douglas), 'What will be the result of the efforts of Jefferson Davis and his associates to divide the Union?' Douglas replied, 'The cotton States are making an effort to draw in the border States to their schemes of secession, and I am too fearful they will succeed. If they do succeed, there will be the most terrible civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years. Virginia will become a charnel-house; but the end will be the triumph of the Union cause. One of their first efforts will be to take possession of this capital to give them *prestige* abroad, but they will never succeed in taking it; the North will rise *en masse* to defend it; but it will become a city of hospitals; the churches will be used for the sick and wounded; and even this house and the Minnesota block (now the *Douglas Hospital*) may be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war.' General Stewart inquired 'What justification is there for all this?' Douglas replied, 'There is no justification nor any pretense of any. If they will remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will permit to maintain their just rights, and I do not doubt but a majority of Congress will do the same. But,' said he, rising on his feet and extending his arm, 'if the Southern States attempt to secede from this Union without further cause, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves, and just so much slave territory, as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, *and no more*.'"

UNDER WHICH?

On the 28th day of March in this year, Mr. Bryant, a Democratic member of the New York Legislature, supported in an able speech the proposition that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery would be the truest conciliation, securing a peaceful and perpetual Union. Mr. Alvord, one of the most faithful Democrats in the country, followed him, declaring that this atrocious rebellion of Aristocracy against the Democracy can be radically suppressed only by destroying slavery, and that Free Labor is the only corner-stone of an enduring Democratic government.

On the same day Messrs. Chanler, Herrick, Ganson, Pruyn, Steele, and other Democratic representatives in Congress voted against a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery; and, of course, in favor of retaining the system which has brought the war upon the country, and which must always hereafter, as always heretofore, prevent a true and hearty and untroubled Union.

Between these gentlemen let the country and mankind judge. "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal," said the father of Democracy in this country. Who are his true descendants? who are Democrats? the men who ask to abolish slavery constitutionally, or those who refuse to abolish it at all?

What a dreary and terrible record is the simple list of the ayes and nays upon this resolution in Congress, for the children of those who shall hereafter see that their fathers voted for the continuance of a system which the human heart and the enlightened mind of mankind instinctively repudiates and scorns.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

The Metropolitan Sanitary Fair will be opened by the time this paper reaches many of our readers. It will be one of the great events in the history of New York, and we advise all who can easily come not to fail to pass at least a day at the Fair. We begin in this number of the paper a series of illustrations, with copious accounts of whatever is most remarkable and interesting among the wonders and charms of the exhibition. We are glad in this way to convey to our brethren in the field some adequate representation of a spectacle of which they will hear so much, and which is inspired by sympathy with them. They will see in this Fair, and in all that have been and will yet be held, as in the great majority of the State of New York in favor of their voting while still on duty, that they are not forgotten by their friends at home; but that the good cause of the country is served by all its faithful children wherever they may be.

Besides the general contributions to the funds of the Fair, persons engaged in almost every department of business in New York and its environs have made special contributions. Below we present a list of those made up to March 25 by the "Book Trade." Hereafter, when the lists are made out, we propose to put on record the amounts of the contributions from other trades and professions.

William K. Cornwell (Cash)	$1000
D. Appleton & Co.	1000
Harper & Brothers	1000
Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman, & Co.	500
E. Walker & Sons	400
Scribner & Co.	350
G. P. Putnam	250
George W. Carleton	250
A. D. F. Randolph	250
American News Co.	250
George R. Lockwood	250
Oakley & Mason	250
D. Van Nostrand	250
Collins & Brother	250
Thomas Nelson & Sons	250
J. G. Gregory	250
Dick & Fitzgerald	250
T. W. Strong	250
W. J. Widdleton	250
Robert Carter & Brothers	250
James B. Kirker	250
Sheldon & Co.	250
G. P. Putnam Frank Moore Henry Holt	350
John Wiley	100
Leggat Brothers	100
F. A. Brady	100
James O'Kane	100
G. P. Philes & Co.	100
Howe & Ferry	100
A. S. Barnes & Burr	100
Mason Brothers	100
Walter Low	75
Mohun, Ebbs, & Hough	50
C. H. Green	50
Miller & Mathews	50
James Miller	50
George W. Alexander	50
J. H. Tingley	50
W. H. Kelly & Co.	50
T. M. Perley	25
Mitchell & Seixas	25
Aug. Brentano	25
F. W. Christern	25
S. N. Perry	20
M. A. MacFarland (Cash)	10
E. Goodenough	10
Theo. Bernhard	10
Hiltz & Alexander	25
L. W. Schmidt	20
L. G. Weymiss	20
John Pyne	10
Dion Thomas	10
C. A. Miller	10
A. Turnbull (Cash)	5
M. M. Pillsbury	5
R. J. Richardson	5

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND COLORED TROOPS.

New York has sent off its second regiment of colored volunteers. On the morning of Easter Sunday, standing upon the deck of the ship in which they sailed, Mr. Jay made the speech in presenting the flags, and the brave men went to join the great army of the American Union and Liberty. They are to be attached to General Burnside's Ninth Army Corps; and that officer, whose name is dear to every loyal heart in the land, wrote a letter of regret that an imperative official engagement in New England prevented his being present at the presentation. In this letter, addressed to Jonathan Sturges, President of the Union League Club, he says:

> "It may not be amiss for me to mention a remark made by me at a breakfast given at the Astor House in November, 1861, to the officers of one of my Massachusetts regiments, then *en route* for Annapolis, preparatory to our starting on our North Carolina expedition. It was on the morning that we heard of Du Pont's success on the coast of South Carolina. I said it should be a source of congratulation to every loyal person that a lodgment has been made by Union troops upon that portion of the Southern coast where slavery exists to the maximum extent. The monstrous assertion has been made by the traitors that their new Government is to have slavery for its corner-stone, and that the institution can be used by them as a positive belligerent force. And now we will have an opportunity of determining whether 'or not this force can not be turned to our own account; and it is clearly the duty of every General in the field to neutralize or turn to his own account any force that he may find himself confronted with by the enemy, whether it be active or latent.'
>
> "And now, Sir, your Association is to send to-morrow, to the same rendezvous, Annapolis, a regiment, the rank and file of which are colored men, many of whom were, in November, 1861, producing by their labor food for traitors in arms, or doing other work which enabled armed traitors to leave their homes for the purpose of striking at the Government that had done them naught but good.
>
> "I am very sorry that I can not be with you to-morrow. Very sincerely your friend,
>
> "A. E. Burnside, Major-General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*March* 23. A resolution was passed appropriating $20,000 for the expenses of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.—A bill to establish a dépôt and Navy Yard at Cairo, Illinois, was introduced.—The bill in relation to deserters, disfranchising all those who may refuse to return to the service on a call of the President, was taken up. Mr. Wilson, in favoring the bill, said there were probably 40,000 deserters from the army, of whom 8000 or 10,000 were in Canada and the British Provinces. Some of these were said to be anxious to return, and he argued that opportunity should be given them by a call from the President assuring them of pardon if promptly returning. No vote was taken.—Mr. Powell's bill to prevent military interference in State elections was taken up, and Mr. Howard spoke at length against its passage. The bill, he argued, was unnecessary, and also in violation of the Constitution, which gives to Congress no authority over the subject of State elections.——*March* 24. The bill to prevent military interference in elections came up as unfinished business. Mr. Howard concluded his speech, and was followed by Mr. Saulsbury, who insisted upon the necessity of a law of this nature in order to protect the rights of the citizen.——*March* 25. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to construct a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, for the passage of armed and naval vessels.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill to aid the Indian refugees to return to their homes in the Indian Territory.—Mr. Harlan reported a bill to extend to Kansas the benefit of the act to appropriate the proceeds of the public land sales, and to grant pre-emption rights; the bill giving authority to devote the income accruing to the support of the Kansas common schools.—Mr. Collamer introduced a bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mails overland from Atchison, in Kansas, to Folsom, California, appropriating a million dollars annually, the transit to occupy sixteen days during eight months, and twenty days during four months. The Pacific Railroad, as fast as completed, will take the place of the overland mail service.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to prevent Military Interference in Elections. Mr. Saulsbury supported the bill in a speech of great length.—The Senate agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the West Point Academy bill.—*March* 28. A bill giving Revolutionary soldiers an additional bounty of $100 was passed.—Mr. Wilson reported against the use of concentrated feed for army horses and mules.—A bill was introduced authorizing the President to appoint two additional cadets in the Military Academy from each State represented in Congress; they must have served honorably two years in the army, and be between seventeen and twenty years of age.—The Senate took up the bill amendatory of the Constitution to prohibit Slavery. Mr. Trumbull spoke at length in support of the bill, arguing that the annihilation of slavery is essential to the national unity and peace, and that the amendment of the Constitution is the only effective mode by which that result can be accomplished. A colloquy took place between Messrs. Sherman and Wilkinson, the former defending himself against certain criticisms of the latter. Mr. Wilson spoke at length in favor of the proposed amendment.——*March* 29. Mr. Cowan introduced a bill to establish a Navy-yard and Naval Dépôt on the Delaware River, the location to be selected by a commission of seven scientific men, none of whom shall own land within fifty miles of the river.—A bill was referred appropriating $920,000 to pay expenses in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1862.—The proceedings of the House on the death of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy were communicated to the Senate, and after remarks by Senators Trumbull, Pomeroy, and Sumner, the resolutions were adopted.

House.—*March* 23. Mr. Kernan asked leave to introduce a resolution for a special committee to inquire whether civilians in the employ of the Government were sent home, at Government expense or otherwise, to vote at elections. Mr. Stevens objected, unless the inquiry should be conducted by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, to which Mr. Kernan would not consent. The resolution was not received.—A resolution was passed directing the Ways and Means Committee to report upon the expediency of imposing an adequate duty on imported wool.—The Judiciary Committee were discharged from further consideration of the memorials calling for the impeachment of Judge Miller.—A violent personal altercation occurred between Mr. M'Clurg and Mr. Blair of Missouri, ending in the adoption of resolution to appoint a committee of inquiry into the charges made against Mr. Blair that, while in military command, he had issued an order for smuggling liquors into the army; Messrs. Higby, Clay, and Pruyn were appointed as the committee.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Delaware Bay and Raritan Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Davis favored the bill. Mr. Perry opposed it, arguing that there was no necessity for declaring it a military and post road. The discussion was terminated by the expiration of the morning hour.—The House then proceeded to consider the amended National Currency and Bank bill, but adjourned without vote.——*March* 24. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of proposing an amendment to the Constitution by striking out the article which forbids the laying of a tax on articles exported from any State.—The consideration of the bill declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to be a military and post road was resumed. Mr. Broomall opposed the measure as an invasion of State jurisdiction. Mr. Garfield favored it on the ground that increased railway accommodations between Washington and New York were absolutely necessary. No vote was reached.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the West Point Academy bill was concurred in. The report strikes out the amendments providing for the appointment of additional cadets, leaving the law as it now stands.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking Law. Mr. Brooks spoke in opposition to the bill and the whole currency system, maintaining that the war should have been prosecuted on a hard money basis. Messrs. Kernan and Pruyn spoke to the same effect, the latter proposing some unimportant amendments, which were rejected.——*March* 25. The bill punishing frauds in the change of names of vessels was passed. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury, who says the laws are inadequate for that purpose, and that worthless hulks are repainted either to be sold or sent on voyages under new names to the danger of property and the lives of passengers. While the old names are left on the stern, new ones are painted on the wheel-house for the purpose of deception.—Mr. Clay reported back the Senate bill extending the time in which to accept lands heretofore given for the Agricultural College purposes, and including West Virginia in its provisions. Several amendments were proposed. Further consideration was postponed for two weeks.—It was agreed that after the 26th Saturdays shall be devoted to public business instead of speech-making, and that on April 9 the District of Columbia business shall be considered.—The House passed the Senate bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue to certain parties duplicates of bonds to the amount of $8000, the originals having been lost on the steamship *Golden Gate*.—The House went into Committee on the National Bank bill. An amendment was offered, but on vote there was no quorum present. There was then a call of the House, after which the House adjourned.——*March* 26. The day was devoted to speech-making.—Messrs. Morehead of Pennsylvania, and Eckley of Ohio, urged the claims of the Administration to the confidence and support of the country, and favored the vigorous prosecution of the war. Messrs. Herrick of New York, Harrington of Indiana, and Harding of Kentucky, criticised the measures of the Government.——*March* 28. Mr. Norton introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting Slavery in the States and Territories.—Mr. Ashley reported a resolution granting the use of the hall of the House to the Washington Lecture Association, for the delivery of a lecture by the Hon. George Thompson, the proceeds to be distributed among the families of the District of Columbia soldiers. Mr. Holman moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was agreed to.—Mr. Stevens offered a joint resolution proposing a new article to the Constitution, which, when ratified by the requisite number of States, shall be valid as a part of the Constitution, namely: Slavery and involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, is forever prohibited in the United States and all the Territories; and so much of Art. IV., Sec. 11, of the Constitution as refers to the delivery of persons owing service or labor, escaping into another State, is annulled. Mr. Holman objected to the second reading of the resolution. The House refused to reject it by a vote of 38 against 69. The question recurred on the second reading. Mr. Holman raised the point that the vote not being a two-third one, as required, the result was, in effect, the rejection of the proposition. The Speaker overruled Mr. Holman's objection. The proposition was then read a second time. Mr. Stevens withdrew the latter part of his proposition, namely: to annul the fugitive slave feature. Before the question was taken on the other point of the proposition proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Washburne, who announced the death of his colleague, Mr. Lovejoy. Brief remarks were made by Messrs. Washburne, J. C. Allen, Stevens, Farnsworth, Pendleton, Odell, Pike, Ashley, Foster, Davis, Grinnell, Morrill, and Arnold. Resolutions of condolence and regret were passed, and a committee of three appointed to superintend the removal of Mr. Lovejoy's remains from Brooklyn to Illinois.——*March* 29. Mr. Washburne reported a bill, which was passed, providing for the collection of hospital dues of vessels sold or transferred in foreign ports. The collections are to be made through Consuls and commercial agents.—Mr. Stevens said as several gentlemen desired to deliberately consider the proposed amendment to the Constitution introduced by him, he would move its postponement for two weeks. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. Rice reported a bill, which was passed, that persons between twenty-six and thirty years of age may be appointed Assistant Paymasters, provided that the number is not thereby increased; and that examinations of students for admission into the Naval Academy shall take place when they are between fourteen and eighteen years of age.—Mr. Rice reported a bill regulating and changing in some particulars the method of making promotions in the Navy. Heretofore promotions have been made according to seniority; but this bill provides for promotion according to official capacity and physical fitness, to be determined by a Board of Examination to be appointed by the President. Officers not recommended for promotion are to have an opportunity to be heard through a revisory board. The bill was passed.—Mr. Rice also reported a bill for the classification of Paymaster's Clerks in the Navy, making four classes, at the following salaries: $1200, $1000, $800, and $700 per annum.—Mr. Rice also reported a bill fixing the date of the loss of the brig *Bainbridge* at the 21st of August, 1863, in order to fix the pensions to the families of the deceased officers and sailors. Both these bills were passed.—Mr. Pike reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing, during the present war, the appointment of Acting Lieutenant-Commanders and Commanders, at the same rates of pay as are allowed to such grades in the regular navy.—Mr. Pike also reported the Senate bill regulating courts-martial, which was passed, after striking out the first section, which provides that volunteer appointments in the navy shall be subject to the action of the Senate the same as regular appointments.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking law. Amendments were agreed to providing that banks, with a capital of not less than $50,000, may, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, be organized in any place, the population of which does not exceed 6000, authorizing the issue of bills of the denomination of one, two, and three dollars; and directing that not more than one-sixth of the circulation furnished to any bank under this act shall be of a less denomination than five dollars; and that after specie payments shall have been resumed no circulation of a less denomination than five dollars shall be furnished to any such association.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The week presents some events of importance. On the 23d of March the President issued an order reducing the number of army corps comprising the Army of the Potomac to three, namely, the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps. The same order assigned Major-General G. K. Warren to the command of the Fifth Corps, and detached from that army the following General officers, who are to report for orders to the Adjutant-General, namely: Major-General George Sykes, U. S. Volunteers; Major-General W. H. French, U. S. Volunteers; Major-General John Newton, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General J. R. Kenly, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General F. Spinola, U. S. Volunteers; Brigadier-General Solomon Meredith, U. S. Volunteers. Following this order, General Meade made the following arrangements in pursuance of its provisions: "The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Army Corps will be consolidated into two divisions. The First and Second Divisions of the Third Corps are transferred to the Second Corps, preserving their badges and distinguishing marks. The Third Division of the Third Corps is transferred permanently to the Sixth Corps. The three divisions now forming the First Corps are transferred to the Fifth Corps, preserving their badges and distinctive marks, and on joining the Fifth Corps they will be consolidated into two divisions. Major-General Hancock will command the Second Corps, and Major-General Sedgwick the Sixth Corps.

General Grant went to the front on the 24th ult., and has his head-quarters at Culpepper.

The Red River Expedition, under General A. J. Smith, which left Vicksburg on the 10th of March, has been, so far as heard from, entirely successful. The expedition landed at Summersport, Louisiana, on the 13th, and thence marched hurriedly to Yellow Bayou, where strong rebel fortifications and some stores were captured. Thence it proceeded 28 miles to Fort De Russey, which, after a sharp engagement, was occupied on the 15th, our forces outstripping the rebel army under Dick Taylor, which endeavored to reach the fort in advance of our troops. The victory at Fort De Russey was complete, resulting in the capture of 325 prisoners, including 24 commissioned officers, and two 9-inch Dahlgren guns, two 4-pounders, four 32-pounders, two 6-pounders, a lot of small-arms, 2000 barrels of fine powder, an immense quantity of assorted ammunition, and several thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores. Fort De Russey is a most formidable work; it is quadrangular in shape, with bastions and bomb-proofs covered with railroad iron. A powerful water-battery connects with the fort, the casemates of which are capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing the earth-works. The capture of Fort De Russey opens the Red River all the way to Alexandria, Louisiana. From that point it is believed Admiral Porter will proceed with his gun-boats to Shreveport, long occupied by the enemy as a depôt of supplies.

REBEL MOVEMENTS IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

The rebel General Forrest, with 2000 men, attacked Union City, Tennessee, on the 24th ult., and captured the small body of Union troops, only 400 in number, garrisoning the town. The garrison made a vigorous defense, repulsing their assailants three times before surrendering to superior numbers. The enemy destroyed the fortifications, and immediately marched their prisoners southward.

On the 25th, Forrest, with a force of over 5000 men, attacked and destroyed Paducah, Kentucky, the citizens flying across the Ohio River. A large amount of plunder was secured. Colonel Hicks, commanding the post, occupied the fort below the city, with about 800 men. The rebels made four assaults on the fort and were repulsed each time. Three of our gun-boats opened on the city during its occupation by the enemy. Our loss was 14 killed and 45 wounded. From 150 to 300 rebels were killed, among them General Thompson. Twenty five houses around the fort were destroyed by our troops, as they were used by the rebel sharp-shooters as a screen. The head-quarters and Government store-houses were burned by the enemy. Toward the end of the battle it was discovered that our ammunition was nearly exhausted. Colonel Hicks then ordered that when it gave out the fort would be defended with the bayonet as long as a man remained alive, which determination was received with hearty cheers by all the troops. The negroes in the front, 220 in all, fought with great gallantry.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

The President has issued another proclamation explanatory of his amnesty proclamation of the 8th of December. It states that those who are in confinement, or out of prison on bonds or parole, are not entitled to the clemency offered in the proclamation. It further defines the officers who are entitled to administer the oath of allegiance, viz.: Any commissioned officer, civil, military, or naval, in the service of the United States, or any civil or military officer of a State or Territory not in insurrection, who by the laws thereof may be qualified for administering oaths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is reported from Charleston Harbor that the rebels have mounted six rifled guns in the casemates of Fort Sumter, which command the channel, and will prevent the advance of the gun-boats should they attempt to run in.

Fifteen hundred sick were brought to Washington from the Army of the Potomac last week. A large number of ambulances were about the same time sent to the front.

An expedition sent out by General Butler to Matthews County, Virginia, returned on the 23d ult., having captured a large number of horses, cattle, and mules, together with three hundred contrabands.

Nine hundred Union prisoners from Richmond arrived at Annapolis on the 24th ult. Four hundred of the number were sick.

A dispatch from Chattanooga reports that the rebels are in very strong force on our front at Dalton, and have 3000 cavalry this side. Deserters report that General Bishop Polk is reinforcing General Joe Johnston's army. General Longstreet's cavalry, under General Martin, has arrived at Marietta, Georgia. The rebels are moving up their artillery from the rear. Our army is said to be in splendid condition.

It is announced from Fort Smith, Arkansas, that the Army of the Frontier is in motion, and that its supposed destination is Northern Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SCHLESWIG QUESTION.

A battle took place between the Germans and Danes at Viele, a town at the head of Viele Fiord, in Jutland, on the 9th ult, in which the Danes were defeated, the loss on both sides being heavy. The Prussians have laid siege to Frederica, and the Austrians, marching northward, have occupied Horsens and other towns. The Prussians meanwhile have taken possession of Aubel and Rackabull, near Düppel, and have captured the island of Fehmern with the entire Danish garrison. The Danes still manifest a determination not to abandon the contest until Schleswig is restored. Several Prussian ports on the Baltic have been blockaded.

The Cabinet of Vienna has, it is said, issued a circular professing the readiness of Austria to take part in a Conference and consent to an armistice with Denmark, and declaring that the Austrians and Prussians will retire from Jutland if the Danes will evacuate Düppel and Alsen, will cease to capture German ships, and will restore all the prizes which they may have made. The King of Sweden has opened the Storthing (Diet) of Norway, and announced a bill for an extraordinary credit, to give material aid to the Danes in certain emergencies. The three Prussian men-of-war which were at anchor in the harbor of Brest have been placed under the command of the Austrian Admiral.

The entire reserve of the Austrian navy has been called out. The authorities of Hamburg were fortifying the entrance of the Elbe.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Attorney-General of England, in the House of Commons, in answer to a question, said that a rebel war-vessel had the same right to visit, search, and capture British vessels carrying contraband of war to a Union port as a Union vessel had to capture such ships when carrying contraband to a rebel port. In every case, however, the captured vessel should be brought before a prize-court. In the Commons, on the 13th of March, Mr. Roebuck made another violent attack upon the Government of the United States, declaring that he would be glad "if American shipping were swept from the seas." Mr. Bright remarked that Roebuck's speech was unworthy of any member of the House, and Mr. Kinglake condemned it in strong terms. The *Alexandra* case was resumed in the House of Lords on March 14. Sir Hugh Cairns commenced his argument on the part of the defendants, and contended that the Court of Error was right in refusing to hear the appeal from the Court of Exchequer. On the 15th the Attorney-General replied on behalf of the Crown, and the case was concluded. Judgment was deferred, and it was expected that on the 17th the Lord Chancellor would announce when the House of Lords would deliver judgment.

MEXICO AND MAXIMILIAN.

Maximilian and his wife have visited London. They were entertained at dinner by Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, meeting the King of the Belgians, the father of the Empress elect, on each occasion. Quite a number of distinguished personages paid their respects to the royal pair at their hotel. According to the *Memorial Diplomatique* the draft of a treaty between the Archduke Maximilian and Louis Napoleon has been agreed upon. This agreement settles the two questions of the French occupation and the claims of France on Mexico. The latter will probably amount to $25,000,000, and are to be paid in fourteen annual installments. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico as soon as Maximilian is firmly seated on his throne.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

☞ A correspondent corrects the statement made by us last week that the 46th New York Regiment and the 46th Massachusetts Mounted Infantry were in the battle of Olustee, Florida. It was the 48th New York, a Brooklyn regiment, and the 40th Massachusetts which participated in the engagement. The loss of the 48th Regiment was 17 killed, 155 wounded, 47 missing, making a total of 219.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Brigadier-General Wm. F. Smith to be Major-General of Volunteers, to rank from March 9, 1864.

The Raleigh, North Carolina, *Progress*, of the 8th, says that General Beauregard has been transferred from the command at Charleston to the army of the Southwest, and that General D. H. Hill succeeds to the command at Charleston.

In addition to the general order rearranging the Corps of the Army of the Potomac and relieving some of its general officers, elsewhere referred to, it is stated that General Pleasanton has been relieved from the Cavalry Corps, and is to report to General Rosecrans; that General Sykes is to report to General Curtis; General Newton to General Sherman; General French at Philadelphia; General Meredith at Cairo; General Spinola to a Court-martial; General Caldwell to be relieved to sit on Court-martial; and Generals Ricketts, Gibbon, and Wadsworth, to report to General Meade for assignment to command. General Sykes, on taking leave of the Fifth Corps, issued an order expressing his profound regret at parting with men who have so distinguished themselves on every field. The other officers made similar farewells.

The steamer *San Jacinto* has captured another prize, with one hundred and thirty-two bales of cotton on board, off the coast of Florida. She immediately pursued another blockade runner, which was supposed to have four hundred bales of cotton on board.

Lieutenant-Commander George A. Stevens has been ordered to the command of the steamer *Pontoosuch*, built at Portland, Maine.

General Rosecrans has suppressed the circulation in his department of the *Metropolitan Record* of New York.

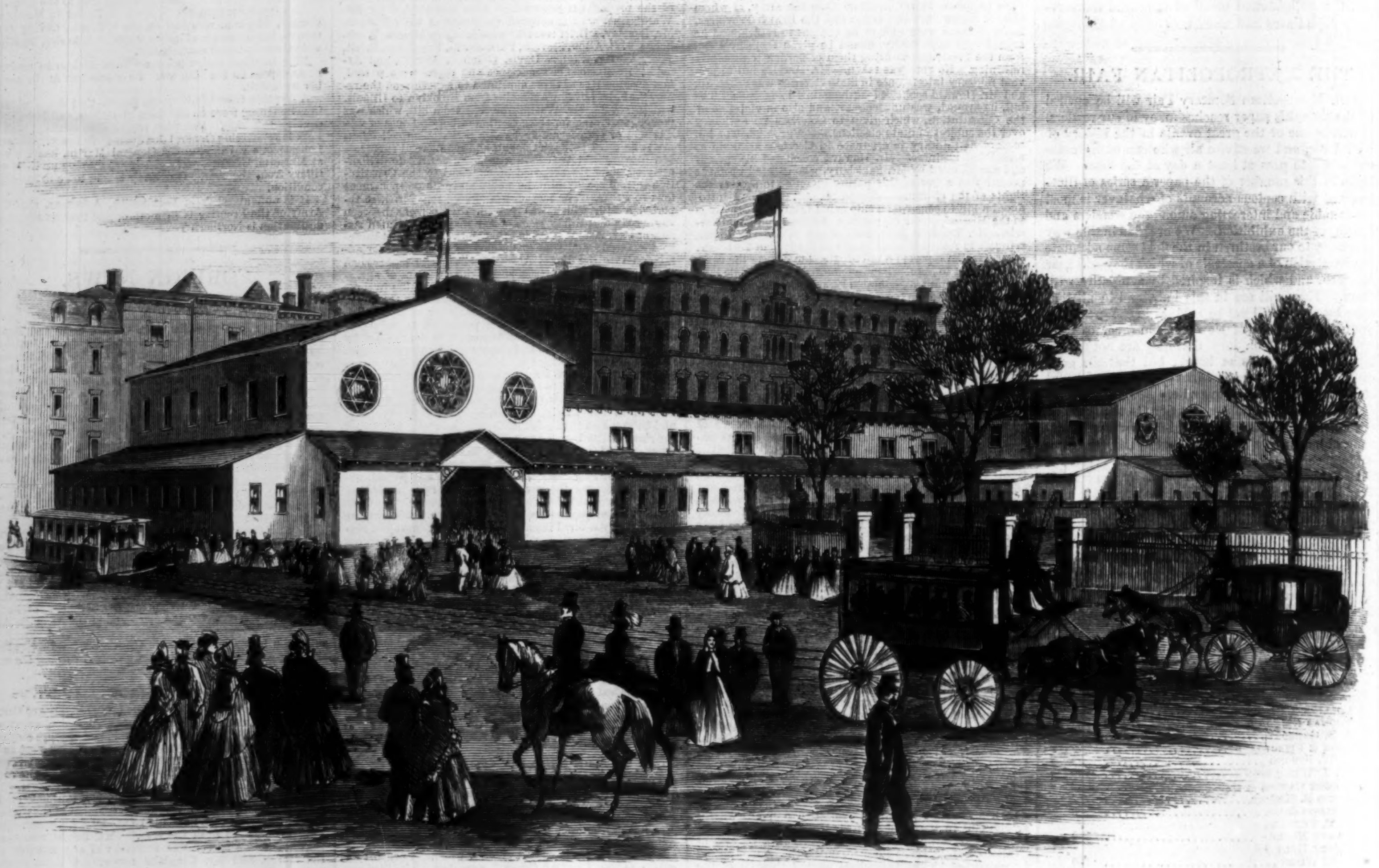
General Philip Sheridan, for a long time in command of a division of infantry in the Army of the Cumberland, has been appointed to the command of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, to succeed General Pleasanton.

It is said that both Generals M'Clellan and Frémont will shortly be given commands.

Lieutenant-General Grant has issued an order requiring all furloughed men of the Ninth Army Corps to rendezvous at Annapolis, Maryland, as soon as their leave expires. Nearly all the officers who have been spending the winter in Washington are going to the front under immediate orders.

The number of volunteers in the Massachusetts regiments who have re-enlisted is 5564, so far as returns have been received. Reports from the Twenty-ninth Regiment and other detachments of troops will probably swell the aggregate to 6000, to be counted on the quota of the State.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Henry H. Sibley, of Minnesota, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.



METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS, ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

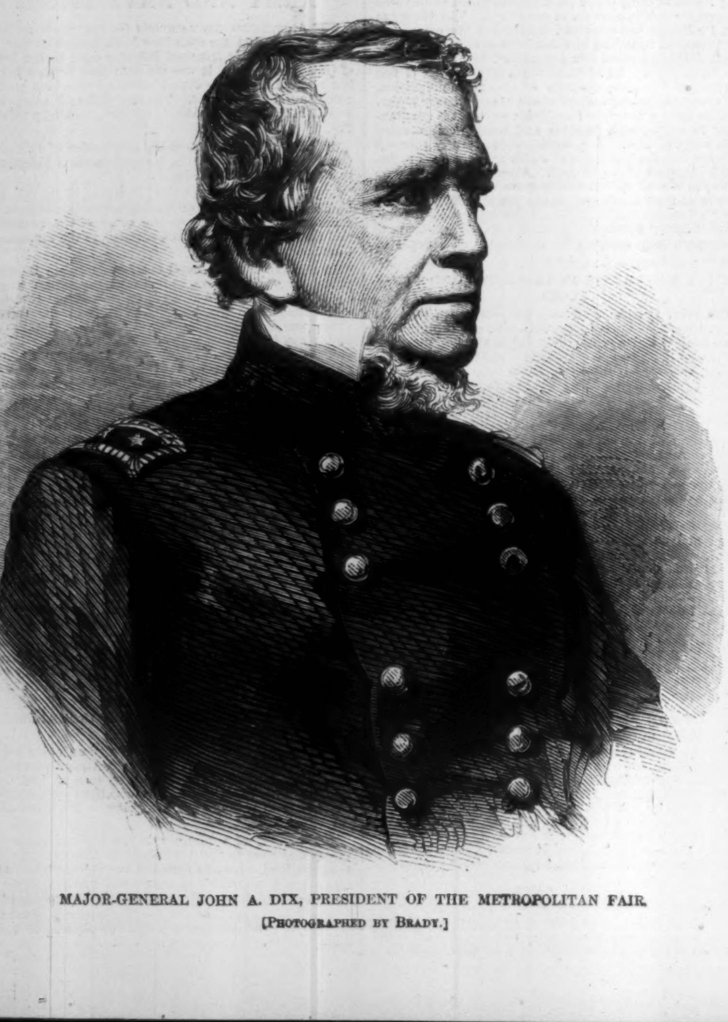
THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

The United States Sanitary Commission, originated in that spirit of sympathy with the army which has so embellished with bright deeds the darkest pages of our sad conflict with rebellion, was never more necessary, as an ameliorating agency, than at this time, when all along the lines preparations are making for active hostilities, which will probably involve greater suffering and loss than any previous campaign. It is the appreciation, no doubt, of this possibility that is now impelling the people, every where, to unprecedented efforts in aid of its funds. The entire money receipts of the Commission, since its organization, probably exceed $2,000,000, while the money value of the supplies poured in by the women of the country can not be less than $9,000,000. The management of the Commission has been, from the start, most economical and efficient. Rev. Dr. Bellows, who is at its head, and whose portrait we give on this page, has given himself to this work with an industry and zealous self-sacrifice which the whole country will applaud long after the tumult and the sufferings of war have ceased from the land. Dr. Bellows is about to proceed to California for the purpose of laboring there in aid of the Commission, in place of the late Rev. Thomas Starr King, whose death left it without any special agent in that rich field.

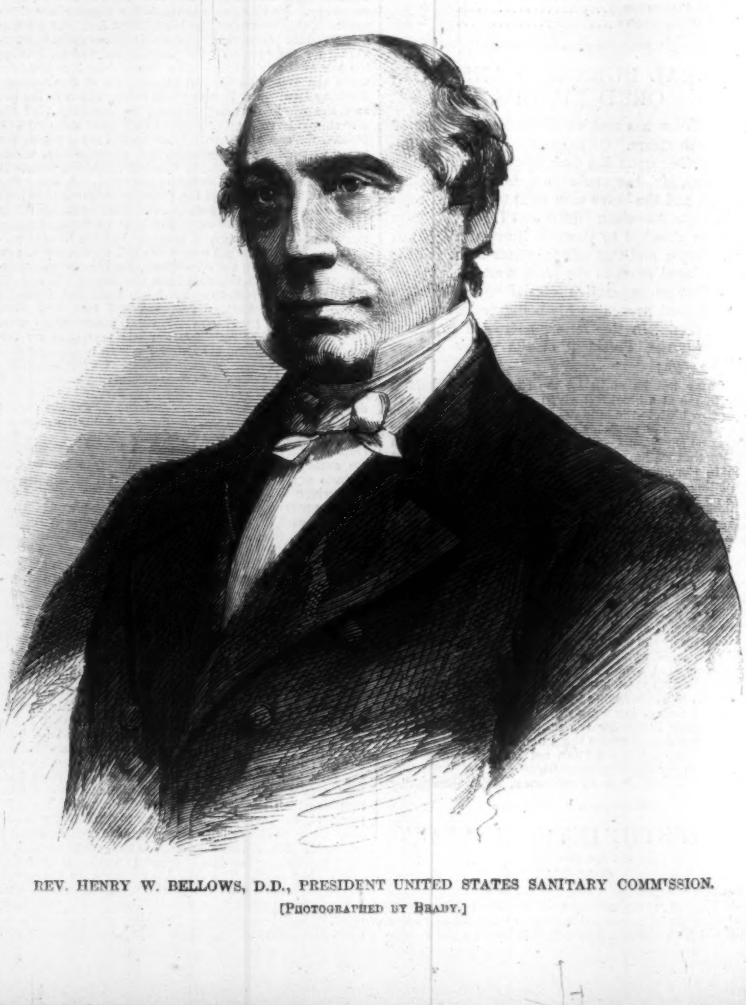
THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

The Metropolitan Fair, in aid of this Commission, will undoubtedly surpass, in the magnitude of its display and the aggregate of results, all previous efforts in a similar direction. The preparations for the Fair have been made on the most extended scale, exhibiting the most liberal purpose on the part of the managers, who manifestly feel that the people will equal, in their generous giving, the largest possible expectations. Contributions are still flowing in from all parts of the world, Americans every where seeming to rejoice at the opportunity to show their sympathy with the men who are defending the cause of liberty and good government. Nor are contributions from abroad confined to Americans away from home. Thousands of foreigners, who look to America as the beacon-light of the nations, are sending their offerings in most liberal profusion. The steamship *Germania*, which arrived from Hamburg on the 24th ult., brought many costly gifts from the citizens of Hamburg, who, notwithstanding the excitement consequent on the Schleswig-Holstein war, find time to give practical expression to their interest in our brave soldiers. From Italy, Switzerland, and other far lands, similar contributions have been received, and in the Fair will appear as so many testimonies of the sincerity of foreign sympathy with the loyal men of the nation in their struggle with barbarism.

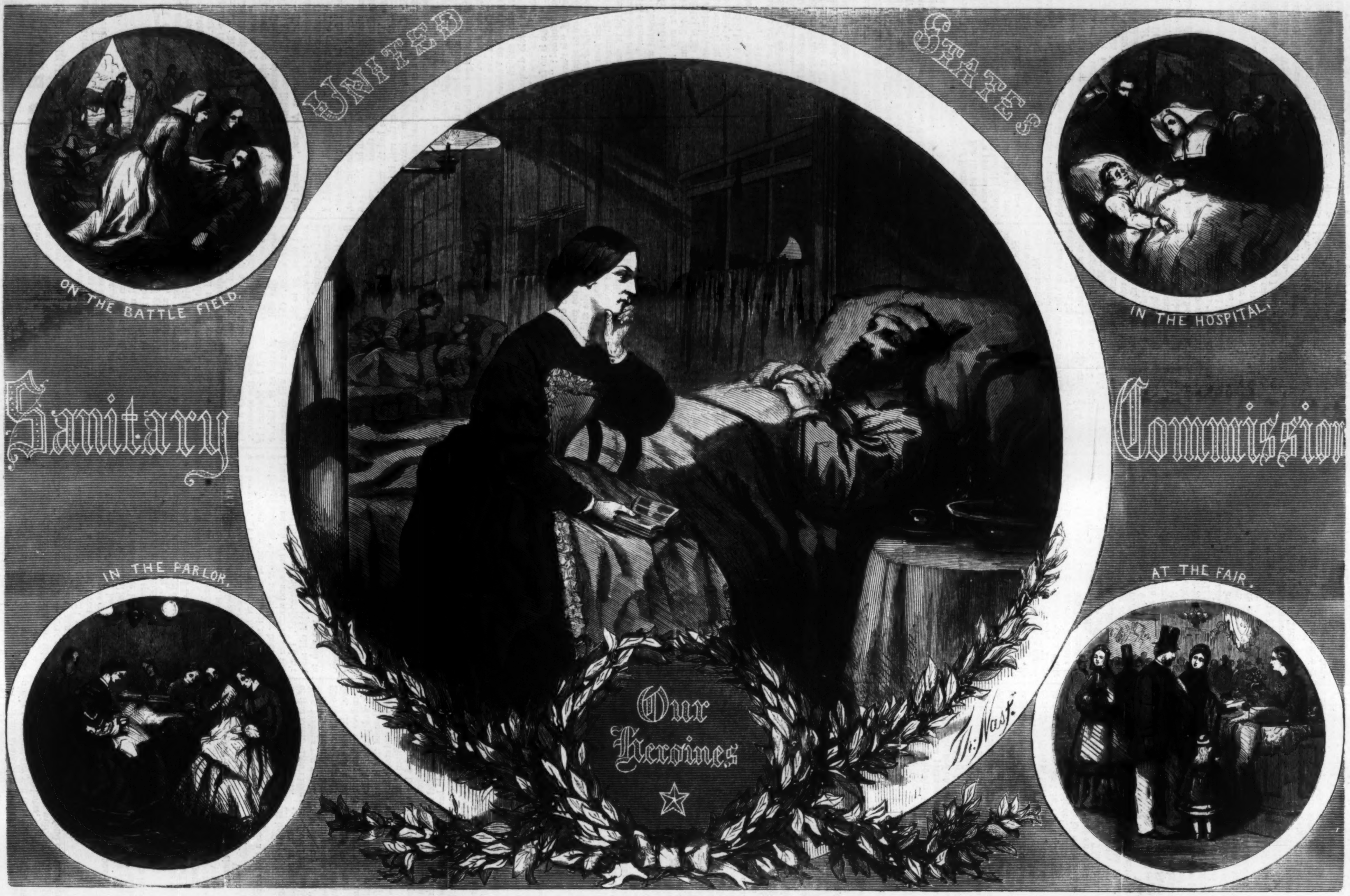
General John A. Dix, whose portrait we give on this page, is President of the Fair Association. It is fit that a soldier should thus head the movement of the great city of New York in behalf of the army upon which the future of the nation so largely depends. General Dix is now nearly sixty-six years of age, and during his life has filled many positions of honor and trust, but in none has he proved himself a sturdier patriot and truer man than in this contest, on the peace side of which he now appears as the head of our Fair.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.
[Photographed by Brady.]



REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., PRESIDENT UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.
[Photographed by Brady.]


United States
Sanitary Commission
On the Battle Field.
In the Hospital.
In the Parlor.
At the Fair.
Our Heroines
Th. Nast

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

ENDS AN IDYL.

The Marouillais began to talk scandal about J. B. Constant and his too precocious stable-girl and chambermaid, for she now officiated in both capacities, still preserving her ascendency as mistress of the horse, but having a lad to assist her. The mayor warned the inn-keeper against the "whispering tongues that poison truth." M. le Curé insisted that, for morality's sake, the girl should be sent away.

"She is fit for something better than a fille d'auberge," he represented.

"Granted, monsieur," returned Constant. "But how is her condition to be bettered?"

"The good sisters at Avignon," hinted the ecclesiastic.

Constant shook his head.

"The good sisters," he remarked, "would, I much fear, be powerless in turning Valérie into a Sister of Charity or a village schoolmistress, and what more could they do with her? It is a pity that she was not sent to them two years ago. Then they might have had the credit of her sudden conversion. For the rest, it is no affair of mine; an inn-keeper may have a servant-maid. She is a capital servant, and her aunt is there to watch over her."

It was the curate's turn to shake his head. "Mon ami," he said, "that poor ignorant old woman is a mere baby in the hands of that girl. She can no longer be chastised. The time for the cord and the thong is past."

"I should like to see any one attempting to lay a hand on Valérie," exclaimed the inn-keeper, with a sudden start, and clenching his fists. "Ma parole d'honneur! I would exterminate him."

"There is no fear of such an eventuality," the curé returned; "nor," he continued, in gentle reproof, "is there any need for a fallible human creature to speak of 'extermination'—a terrible power, vested only in Omnipotence."

"I ask your pardon, M. le Curé."

"'Tis granted, my friend. But, nevertheless, get rid of that young creature; if you don't, malicious tongues will continue to wag, and evil will follow."

Constant was privately of the priest's opinion, but certain reasons, at which the intelligent reader may have already hazarded a surmise, rendered him reluctant to follow the friendly advice of his pastor. He passed several days in perplexity, anxiously revolving plans in his mind for modifying the condition of his too handsome servant, when Valérie brought the matter to a solution by a voluntary suggestion that she should be sent to school for a couple of years.

"I'm tired of tending horses," she said. "My hands are not yet quite spoiled; but six months more of stable-work will make them as hard as buffalo-skin. I am tired of being ignorant. It is as much as I can do to read the big painted letters under the four lilies on the sign-board. I can't write at all. I want to be able to read the *Gazette de France*, and to play the piano, and paint pictures, and write letters, and be a lady."

"Vastly well, mademoiselle," replied Constant, with subdued irony. "But who, pray, is to pay for your education?"

"That is your affair, not mine. If you choose to send me to school it will be better for you. If you won't, I will get a livret from M. le Maire, and seek a servant's place at Avignon. My aunt will give me permission, and you must give me a character."

The argument was unanswerable. Jean Baptiste had prospered at the "Lily of France," and could well afford the outlay. For the sum of a thousand francs a lady keeping a pensionnas de demoiselles at Lyons consented to receive Mademoiselle Valérie Sablon—for that was the real name of her aunt—for twelve months, and to instruct her in all the accomplishments. The girl had refused point-blank to enter a conventual school, and had selected Lyons in preference to Avignon, because, she said, she did not wish to meet any of those people of Marouillais by chance in their visits to the town. J. B. Constant agreed that in this particular she was in the right; nor, when she left Marouille-le-Gency, did he make public the fact that she was about to proceed to school to receive a polite education. He merely said that a married sister of his, who kept a hotel at Lyons, had agreed to receive Valérie, and to look after her morals, and make her useful. La Beugleuse did not care to contradict this statement. Perhaps she was never enlightened as to the real state of the case. In truth she had not fairly recovered from the state of bewilderment into which the sudden metamorphosis of the little grubby good-for-nothing she had adopted had thrown her. So, when Valérie went away La Beugleuse looked upon her withdrawal very much in the light of a relief from an embarrassing position.

But why this concealment on the part of Jean Baptiste? Why should the upright J. B. Constant think Lyons preferable to Avignon? Why should he have given an untruthful account of the girl's change of life? The always intelligent reader will have little difficulty in answering these questions.

Yes, the bushy-headed, down-looking inn-keeper was savagely in love with Valérie. I say savagely, because there was something morose and ferocious in the passion that devoured him. He could not bear the girl to be out of his sight. He chafed at the necessity of parting with her, even for a time, and for her benefit. He went into silent rages at her caprice, her arrogance, her cool assumption of superiority over him—all ignorant as she was, and next door to a castaway. He loathed and longed to rend in pieces all whom she talked or laughed with. He was madly jealous of her, mere child as she was.

He had no bad designs toward Valérie. At this time he was an honest man, and there was not much harm about J. B. Constant. He had never loved till now. His only hope was that the girl would be grateful to him. His wish was that she should grow up a beautiful and accomplished woman, and become his wife.

"I will leave this wretched little hole of a village," he said to himself in his day dreams. "I have made some money and can borrow more. I will take a grand hotel in Paris—in the English quarter in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Valérie will be my wife. She will sit in the bureau in a black satin robe, and with a gold chain round her neck, and keep the accounts. The waiters will bow, and call her Madame la Patronne. She will go to mass at St. Roch or the Madeleine. On Sundays we will dine here and there, go to St. Cloud, and to the opera, and the theatres. Jean Baptiste, my boy, you shall be envied; you shall be happy." So he thought, and so he dreamed. Poor fellow!

"If she should be ungrateful," a voice sometimes whispered to him. The fear of her ingratitude was a black phantom not to be conjured away. "She can not, she will not," he would mutter. "If she refuses to love me I will kill her."

When Valérie had been six months at school, J. B. Constant undertook a journey to Lyons to see her. He found her more beautiful than before. The schoolmistress said that her progress was wonderful; that she had already distanced many girls who had been in the establishment—and with the advantages of previous education—three and four years, and that, if she were allowed to remain with her two years instead of one, she would answer for her leaving, fitted to move in the very highest circles. She did not know that J. B. Constant was a mere village inn-keeper. He had seen the world, and served noblemen, and at Lyons he put on his best clothes and his best manners.

There was one drop of bitterness in the hurried account the governess gave of her pupil. Mademoiselle, she said, was a young person difficult to manage. She would not endure reproof. She would not hear reason. Her temper was terrible. "We will make the pension twelve hundred francs a year instead of a thousand, and you must make allowances for Mademoiselle's temper," said Constant. "Poor child! she never knew her mother, and in early years was unkindly treated." The schoolmistress was a sagacious as well as a sympathizing instructress, and for the extra stipend agreed to say nothing more about Valérie's indisposition to hear reason.

When J. B. Constant had an interview with his protégée, the governess being present, she received him with a stately courtesy, and eyes demurely cast down; but when Madame du Verger discreetly left them together, she accosted the inn-keeper with a haughty familiarity that was half redolent of the old rough manners of the stable-girl, and half satirical.

"Ah, ça, mon homme!" she cried. "What do you think of me now? Am I grown? Are my hands coarse? Is my voice harsh?"

As he was going away, full of love and hope, though slightly discomfited by this reception:

"And La Beugleuse, the old hag who used to flog me—is she dead?"

"Your aunt is alive, Valérie," Constant said, with a reproachful look.

"I am sorry for it. Such old witches ought to die. I hate her, and will pay her out for all the blows she has given me. Besides, when I go into the world she will disgrace me. To have an aunt who has worked in the fields! To have an aunt who was a mere beast of burden! Quci! Mon homme, you must take care that she never leaves Marouille." And so, with the stately courtesy, in strange disunion with her hard and bitter talk, the girl left him.

She never wrote to her aunt. The old woman was by no means despondent under this neglect. She merely muttered that Valérie would be a good-for-nothing even if she were married to M. le Préfet, and then went on working harder than ever. To Jean Baptiste the exemplary pensionnaire at Madame Du Verger's wrote with tolerable regularity once a month. Her letters always began "Mon bon ami," as if this young pauper had been an empress, and Constant president of a republic. Madame du Verger had suggested "mon cher bienfaiteur," but Valérie had refused point-blank to adopt the formula. She wrote in a bold flowing hand: her letters contained a dry summary of her educational progress—of the books she had read, and the accomplishments she had mastered—and ended, "Valérie Sablon" tout court. Madame du Verger had hinted that "votre toujours reconnaissante Valérie," would be a slightly graceful acknowledgment of the kindness of the person who was paying for her education, but Mademoiselle Sablon very scornfully replied, "I shall do what I like, and I am not his Valérie."

She left Lyons when she was on the verge of eighteen. This was in 1828. Constant was fearful of her coming back to Marouille yet a while. He wished her to return only once, as his wife, to astound those who had known her in her poverty and her degradation, and then quit the place forever. His plan was that she should enter a school in Paris or in England for another year or fifteen months—not as a pupil, but as a boarder—and that she should then make him happy. He unfolded this scheme to her, in the parlor of the school, on the day when he went to fetch her away. He avowed his love, and said, with a smile, that it was pure and honorable.

The girl laughed at him. "What a fairy tale!" she cried. "Beauty and the Beast over again! Yes, monsieur, I am Beauty, and you are the Beast, with your sleepy eyes, and your great black head like a primeval forest. Ah! you thought a pretty grape-vine was growing up for you. Ah! you thought you had but to shake the tree and the pear would fall into your mouth."

"Valérie," the inn-keeper humbly expostulated, "I implore you not to speak in that mocking spirit. Think of my devotion, of my love."

"I know nothing about it," sneered Valérie. "What should I, a school-girl of eighteen, know about devotion! Love was not taught in this school. It was forbidden."

Again, and with the eloquence which sincerity alone can give—and gives, too, to the most tongue-tied man—he pressed his suit.

"Don't be absurd," was Valérie's reply. "You will bore me. I know nothing of life yet. I have only seen one stupid provincial town. I am tired of schools, whether as pupil or boarder. I have had enough of books, and want to see the world. I must be free and independent. I don't want to tie myself for life to a stupid old man with a head like a grisly bear. Do you wish to ruin my career?"

"Your career," repeated Constant, in sorrowful surprise. "Valérie, what would your career have been but for me? Ah! do not be ungrateful."

"Do not exaggerate your claims to my gratitude. It appears you had your own purpose to serve in educating me: you merely picked up what had been abandoned. The next passer-by might have done the same, and not have been a village publican. Men are not so blind as you take them to be. Somebody would have been sure to have discovered the pearl on the dung-hill, sooner or later."

So she reasoned with the pitiless logic of an ungrateful heart. There was no moving or softening her. In a moment of justifiable irritation Constant threatened to withdraw his protection. She coolly answered, as before, that her character was unimpeached; that the mayor of her native place was bound by law to give her a passport and a livret, and that she would have no difficulty in obtaining employment as a servant in town or country. Constant knew that in this matter she had right on her side, and that he could gain nothing by breaking with her. He thought that to lose her would be death or madness to him. He suggested a negotiation—a compromise. Valérie was willing to negotiate—in the spirit and on the same bases recently proposed by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, when the Great Powers remonstrated with him on his flagrant violations of the treaties of 1815, and his atrocious treatment of the Poles. The autocrat, if I remember right (for I am no politician), expressed his benevolent willingness to "show clemency" to the Poles "after the insurrectionary bands had been dispersed." So Valérie argued. "Grovel in the dust at my feet," she implied. "Abandon all your pretensions, and then I may extend some 'clemency' to you." The negotiation was concluded in this wise: When J. B. Constant had told the Marouillais that Valérie was to be placed under the protection of a married sister who kept a hotel in Lyons he had told a lie—but a white one. There were extenuating circumstances in his fraud. He really had a sister, and a married sister, who kept a hotel—but she lived in Paris, and not in Lyons. She should go to Paris, and live a year with this sister, Madame Hummelhausen, wife of a German, formerly of the profession of boot-making, but now principally of certain sixth-rate estaminets on the Boulevards, where he smoked, drank beer, and played endless parties of dominoes, while his wife worked hard at home. She would go to Madame Hummelhausen, but a wardrobe suitable to the position of a young lady brought up in affluence was to be provided for her, and she was to be completely her own mistress. A strange treaty, of a verity! where one of the contracting parties had all and the other nothing, and where the pauper dictated terms to the capitalist; and yet such treaties are registered by the bundle in Love's chancery. Constant signed all the protocols, as in this issue he would have signed away his last crust, his liberty, his life. There was no need for Valérie to return yet a while to Marouille. She was not so very anxious to see her aunt again. There are handsome and well-stocked shops in Lyons, and the expenditure of some fifteen hundred francs soon furnished Mademoiselle Valérie Sablon with the articles of wearing apparel she required for the moment. "When I want more dresses," she said to her slave, calmly, "I will write, and you will open a credit for me with Madame what do you call her—Hummelhausen—quel nom de Visigoth! As for jewelry, there will be time enough to think about that afterward. That gold cross you were ridiculous enough to buy me yesterday I shall not wear. It is absurd. Je ne suis pas vouée à la Vierge, moi."

The inn-keeper uttered a low moan of rage, disappointment, wounded love.

"I thought you would have admired it, Valérie."

"And I don't. Take me to the Palais Royal, and I will talk to you about ornaments. How I long to see that Palais Royal! These Lyons goldsmiths are barbarians."

He had taken a place for her in the coupé of the diligence to Paris, and was bidding her farewell. He looked at her with gloomy, greedy eyes.

"*Ah! bah!*" she cried, "one would think you were the wolf, and I Little Red Riding Hood. Is it for my pot of butter that you make those great eyes, monsieur! What large eyes you have, grandmamma!"

Constant abandoned further conflict. "I am ready to accompany you to the coach-office," he said, with dolorous meekness.

"There is a good little wolf. You'll make Little Red Riding Hood quite fond of you if you go on in that way.

Je pourrais m'amouracher,
Je pourrais m'amouracher,
Je pourrais m'amouracher,
D'un riche, riche, riche, très riche richard.

Do you know the chanson? The master didn't teach it me. The girls used to sing it in the dormitory under the bed-clothes. Ah! we learn a great deal at school."

"I am ready, Valérie."

"And I too. It is agreed upon, n'est-ce pas, that you leave me in peace for six months?"

"For six months I will not trouble you. I will not even write to you if you are averse to receiving communications from me. What I have to say shall be said through my sister."

"No, that looks like surveillance. Write to me: it will amuse me."

A gleam of passionate satisfaction shot across Constant's face.

"I will write," he said, his heart palpitating.

"But no long letters. No love, or nonsense of that kind. Don't bore me. Now I am ready. Nay, perhaps you would like to kiss my hand."

She held out her hand to him as she spoke. She had never granted him that slight favor before. It was not a small hand. She was a grandiose woman; but it was very white, and soft, and plump. Who, to look upon it, could have thought that it had drawn country wine for bumpkins and stable-boys, or wielded a pitchfork to toss stable-litter about?

He accompanied her to the coach-office, put her in her seat, wrapped her up in warm shawls and rugs, placed a basket full of dainties and wine by her side, and would have pressed if not kissed her hand once more, even in the open coach-yard, but that she said sharply:

"Enough of that. You nearly bit my hand just now, besides all but wrenching it from the wrist. You are too affectionate, mon homme. Good-by, and go back as fast as ever you can to that stupid old Marouille-le-Gency. Adieu! Love for you, life for me!" And the diligence clattered and rumbled away Parisward, and Jean Baptiste Constant was left desolate.

He could not make up his mind to return to the village. He wandered about Lyons for two whole days. He called again on Madame du Verger, asking her futile questions. The schoolmistress knew well enough what ailed him. He had been a good customer, and she sympathized with him. The girl had left some inconsiderable fal-lals behind her—a gauze scarf, a pair or two of gloves, a piece of music. These were given up to him, and he treasured them with burning avidity. Then he went to the theatre, and tried to listen to an opera; but the mocking voice of Valérie rose high above the braying and tinkling of trumpet and cymbal, and the flourishes of the singers. He went from café to café, and drank deep—which was not his custom; but Valérie's scornful accents were audible, to him, above the clattering of the dominoes, the jangling of the coffee-cups, the cries of "Trois-six!" "A qui la pose!" and the shrill "V'la monsieur" of the waiters. Valérie's face was in the cup, and Valérie's form wreathed itself out from the thready vapor of the cigars. At last he went back to Marouille, to see after the wants of the billiard players, and to scold the postillions and stable-boys. But, two days after his return, he went to Avignon, and instructed the same notary of whom he had purchased the good-will of the "Lilies of France" to advertise the Lilies again for immediate disposal.

It was a month before any reasonable offer was made. At last a customer was found, in the person of an Avignon linen-draper, who thought that country air would do him good. After much haggling, he agreed to give forty thousand francs for the premises and good-will—a considerable advance on the sum Constant had paid for them; but, by his energy and perseverance, he had much improved the property. He had written to his sister to inform her of his approaching departure, but begged her to keep it, for a while, a secret from Valérie. He wished to be in Paris without the girl's knowledge. His successor in the post-office promised, in case any letters arrived for him, with the Paris post-mark, to redirect them to him. Then he took his place in the diligence, and in two days' time found himself in the French capital.

When he arrived in Paris he wrote to his sister, telling her to meet him at an obscure furnished lodgings in the Marais. The Hummelhausens lived in the Rue St. Lazare, in one of the noisest, liveliest quarters of the brawling capital. Madame Hummelhausen came, and brought her budget of news with her. Valérie was more beautiful than ever. She had engaged a music-master. She sang divinely. She was passionately fond of the Opera and the theatres; but her temper was insupportable; "and I for one will not put up with it," quoth Madame Hummelhausen. "Jean Baptiste, my brother, you are a simple. Turn this girl out of doors if she won't have you, and make the happiness of some honest woman whose temper does not turn the world topsy-turvy, and who knows how to love and obey a good, kind man."

J. B. Constant was far too much in love to see the force of this argument. He implored his sister to wait until the expiration of the stipulated twelve months—or at least of six, when he would see Valérie, and come to some definite understanding with her. Meanwhile, faithful to his promise of leaving Valérie in peace, he waited patiently for the post from Avignon to bring him that long-expected re-directed letter with the Paris Post-mark. But it never came. At his instigation, Madame Hummelhausen gently hinted to Valérie that it might be as well to write a line to her brother.

"A quoi bon," retorted the girl, "that my letter should travel five hundred leagues backward and forward to no purpose? Do you think I am an idiot? The great dolt is here. Yes; Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant has been prowling about Paris these two months engaged in the highly dignified occupation of playing the spy over a young girl. Since when have you kept spies in your family, madame? Does Monsieur Constant belong to the Police? I have caught sight of him hundreds of times, on the Boulevards, in the Luxembourg and Tuileries gardens, at the theatres, at church even. What does he mean by this insolence, in dogging my footsteps? Why does he not come here, like an honest man, and tell me what he wants?"

"He promised to leave you in peace for six months," pleaded Madame Hummelhausen.

"Let him come now. I wish to see him. I have something to say to him."

He went to her, his heart bounding with the hope that she had relented; that she would say to him—"Constant, I have teased you long enough. I am changed. I am grateful. I am yours." But the nether mill-stone still held its place in her breast. She received him with the old mockery—the old disdain. Her inflexibility had gotten a Parisian gloss upon it, and would have been horrible, had she not looked more beautiful than ever.

"I am sick of being a pensioner," she said; "of being told that I ought to be grateful for this and for that. I want to be free, and to earn my own livelihood."

She had the hardihood to tell Jean Baptiste that she wished to go on the stage. "I have a mission for the dramatic career," she said, with lofty conceit. "And you should enter me as a student of the Conservatory, as a singer, or a dancer, or an actress; but that I abhor discipline, and before a week was over should undoubtedly box the ears of one of the professors. Imagine boxing the ears of Monsieur Cherubini! No; I must go where I can give orders, instead of receiving them."

She unfolded her plans. She had made acquaintance, through the Hummelhausens, with one Duruflée, who had a kind of private theatre for dramatic aspirants at the Batignolles. She would pay him a premium—the funds, of course, to be furnished by M. Constant—and would practice among his pupils for a few months. Then Duruflée would get for her, for a commission, an engagement at one of the petty Boulevard theatres. Thence to the Gaité. Thence to the Porte St. Martin, thence to the Théâtre-Française.

J. B. Constant understood, and shuddered, but he did not demur.

"And after that?" he asked.

"After that we shall see," she replied; "after that, if you are very, very quiet, and well behaved, the ice may melt. How many years did the bon homme Jacob wait for Laban's daughter?"

'Twas the first inkling of a promise she had ever given him. It threw him into an ecstasy of joy. He agreed to all she asked. Madame Hummelhausen was glad to be rid of her troublesome charge, but said little to encourage her brother's hopes. "She has no heart, not an atom," she persisted. J. B. Constant would not listen to his sister. He would not have lent an ear, where Valérie was concerned, to Solomon, or to Nathan the Wise, or to the seven sapient men of Gotham. What could those last-named wiseacres have done beyond advising him to go to sea in a bowl?—and was he not already launched upon the ocean in a skiff quite as frail?

Valérie chose to have apartments of her own at the Batignolles, close to M. Duruflée's private theatre. This worthy had been a chorister at the Académie till he lost his voice, when he turned chef de claque, or head of a band of hired applauders at the theatre. He lost his place through vénality—for there is a code of honor even among claqueurs—being detected in taking money from two rival actresses who were to make their début on the same night. The claque applauded both. The two affirmatives made a negative: neither triumphed. The rivals were furious; the direction scandalized, and Duruflée had his congé. After such a Fontainebleau (if to be kicked out can be considered an abdication) there was clearly no Elba for the banished potentate of the claque but in the Rue de Jérusalem. He became affiliated to the police; then he served the Tribunal of Commerce as one of its bailiffs; then he went on the Bourse, and, by assiduous speculation for a fall, contrived to win some ten thousand francs of the basest money in the world. His dramatic propensities were still strong within him, and he invested his gains in the organization of a Théâtre de Jeunes Elèves at the Batignolles. He was very fat, good-natured, clever, gross, humorous, astute, and a consummate blackguard. He still kept up his connection with the Préfecture. His insatiable thirst for absinthe made him one of those rare monstrosities—a drunken Frenchman; but he was a better spy when intoxicated than when sober.

In the spring of 1831, Valérie, being then in her twenty-first year, made her first appearance, at the Folies Dramatiques. She came out in some sanguinolent drama of the then new romantic school. She represented some great wicked lady covered with guilt and diamonds, and created a furore. The wickedness she was enabled to portray with rare fidelity from her accurate observation of human nature. It was J. B. Constant who found the diamonds. The money he had received from the sale of the inn at Marouille was all gone by this time. He was taking up money at a hundred per cent. from the usurers. He had borrowed from his sister all she could afford to lend, and more; but Valérie wanted diamonds, real diamonds—she laughed paste to scorn—and she had them. If she had ordered J. B. Constant to forge the name of M. Jacques Lafitte to bills to the extent of five hundred thousand francs with a certainty of the court of assizes, the pillory, and the galleys, in perpetuity, commencing from the very next day, he would have obeyed her.

She was soon engaged at a handsome salary at the Porte St. Martin. Her wish was attained. She was free and independent; but she did not offer to give back to J. B. Constant the money he had spent on her education, or the diamonds he had lavished upon her. On the contrary, she wanted more diamonds from him, and she had them. J. B. Constant was living, in usurers' clutches, at the rate of fifty thousand francs a year, and his clothes were growing shabby, and he dined every day at a restaurant for thirty-two sous.

Valérie played in a piece in which she had to wear a robe of flame-colored satin, and to show a considerable amount of her legs. Paris was entranced. A sculptor modeled the legs in wax, and they were exhibited, under a glass case, in the Galerie d'Orléans. Her bust was carved. Her portrait was lithographed. Béranger went to see her. His criticism was conclusive, but not complimentary. "Vous n'êtes pas Lisette," he murmured, and walked out of the box. The romancer, M. Honoré de Balzac, then beginning to make his way in literature, looked at her long and anxiously through his opera-glass. "She is a Cossack in petticoats," he said, "and will occupy Paris."

Up to this time she seemed impregnable. Diamonds, from other quarters than poor Constant, were laid at her feet. She took them up and laughed in the face of the donors. She had a wonderful power of digestion. She took every thing—songs, dedications, money, jewels, bouquets, love-letters, compliments, and gave nothing in return but scorn. She was a Bacchante in cold blood. She was Venus rising from the ice.

At this time there was a great English dandy in Paris by the name of Blunt. The French had got it into their heads that he was "Sir François Blunt, Baronet;" but, titled or untitled, they persisted in declaring him to be the wealthiest and most sumptuous of milords. He lived in great state, on a first floor in the Rue de la Madeleine. He associated with all the English aristocracy resident in or visiting Paris. He played high, at Frascati's and elsewhere. He had his baignoires at the little theatres. He gave his dinners at Véfour's, or the Rocher de Cancale; he gave his suppers at the Café Anglais. He drove a four-in-hand—a vehicle the Parisians had never set eyes upon before—a cabriolet, a phaeton, a dog-cart—he drove any thing you please. He was a capital French scholar, and a great favorite in women's society. He could ply the small-sword if challenged, and could hit the ace of hearts thrown up in the air with a pistol-shot at fifty paces.

Blunt was a great play-goer. He went to the Porte St. Martin to see the actress after whom all Paris was flocking. It is not very difficult for an Englishman, who is cultivated and fashionable, and is supposed to be rich, to procure an introduction to a French actress. He was in a short time permitted to make his obeisance to Valérie. There was a quiet mocking manner about him, a polished impertinence which at first pleased her infinitely.

"At all events," she said, with an engaging candor to Constant, in one of the rare audiences she now granted him in the forenoon, and in her boudoir, "he is neither imbecile like the young Frenchmen who buzz about me, nor ridiculous like the English dandies. If he is insolent, he is witty. If he can give sharp stabs, he can take them. He pleases me, ce Sir Blunt."

She believed in the stories of his rank and wealth, although she often said that it mattered little to her whether the man she chose to favor was a prince or a rag-picker. She determined, on New-Year's Day 1832, to give a grand supper in a gorgeous new suit of apartments she had taken in the Chaussée d'Antin. Half the fashionable roués and actresses in Paris were to be there. She was good enough to ask Constant to come, and also to condescend to borrow from him a thousand francs toward the expenses of the entertainment. Constant gave her the money, and found himself at four in the afternoon of the day on which the party was to come off with exactly twenty-seven francs in his pocket. He was proceeding to dine at his usual thirty-two sous restaurant in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, when he was arrested on two bills of exchange for ten thousand francs each, held by one Nabal Pixérifort, a Jew, and was carried off to a debtors' prison.

Soon other judgments crowded in upon him, and he found himself detained for a total of sixty thousand francs. As a foreigner he was liable to lie in prison for a long term of years, his creditors being merely bound to pay a sum of ninepence halfpenny per diem for his maintenance: but fortunately he had not been incarcerated a month before he found succor. The Hummelhausens, who were worthy people, would gladly have "executed" themselves—that is to say, would have sold their hotel stock, cock and barrel—to help their suffering kinsman, but there was no need for this. An uncle of the Constants happened to die at Ticino, leaving an inheritance of two hundred thousand francs. The use of this, for her life, he left to his wife, who was eighty-two years of age and bedridden. At her death a hundred thousand francs were to come to Jean Baptiste, and fifty thousand to the Hummelhausens. The prisoner found no difficulty in selling his reversion for a hundred and twenty thousand francs. He paid the usurers in full, and left the whitewashed walls comparatively a rich man.

On the day of his enlargement, and while he was treating to a vin d'honneur some of the gentleman captives in the establishment, one of the turnkeys brought him a copy of the *National*, asking him if he would like to look at it. The ex-inn-keeper's eye fell on a paragraph, in which it was stated among the Faits Divers that one of the "illustrations dramatiques," or theatrical celebrities of the day, "la belle Mademoiselle Valérie," had suddenly broken her engagement with the direction of the Porte St. Martin, and winged her way to the "brumous" land of Albion, where she was "incessantly" to be united in marriage to the Honorable Sir Francis Blunt, Baronet, and member of the Upper Chamber.

Jean Baptiste Constant rushed out of prison to his sister. He had written to Valérie half a dozen times since his arrest, not asking for money, but craving a word of sympathy. She had not sent him one. His devotion to her was so servile, so houndlike, that he had never murmured. Madame Hummelhausen had no good news to tell him. The paragraph in the *National* was true. At least she had Valérie's word for its genuineness. The girl had written her a cool letter from Dover, saying that she had been married there, and that she was now Miladi Blunt. "As to Constant," she went on, "you will say to him that I am very sorry for him, but that he bored me." This was his dismissal; this his recompense for all he had done to train and nurture this beautiful devil. She had married another man. She was sorry for Constant; but he bored her; he made her yawn; she needed amusement, and the other man could amuse her. There was an end of the idyl.

Constant said nothing, but asked Madame Hummelhausen to give him the letter. "I shall go to England," he said.

"To kill Sir Blunt?" asked his sister, terrified.

"We are not in the Middle Ages. Lucrèce Borgia is all very well on the stage, but will not do in private life. I have been in England before. I have served in noble families. I have the most flattering testimonials. I will serve in noble families again. Good-by, my good sister. Perhaps some day I shall have the high honor to stand behind Miladi Blunt's chair."

Miladi Blunt's honey-moon was soon over. The honey-moon was very speedily followed by the beeswax-moon, and that by the gall-and-wormwood-moon. Valérie discovered that she had wedded a gentleman with no money, and who was over head and ears in debt. Blunt told her so plainly, and that it was useless to think of going to London. They crossed from Dover to Ostend, and thence went to Brussels, where, Valérie's Paris prestige being thick upon her, she easily obtained an engagement. This was in the spring of 1832. By December in the same year they had separated. Her accusations against her husband were no fictions. He had insulted, outraged, beaten her. He had lived in luxury upon her earnings. She gave birth in Brussels, and at Christmas-time in this same year '32, to a child—a girl—who was christened Lily by the English chaplain resident in the Belgian capital. The day after the performance of the ceremony Blunt deserted his wife, but took his child and his child's nurse with him. He had made an acquaintance in Brussels at this time, who lent him money, and talked to him of brilliant prospects, but whose name he kept secret from Miladi. The acquaintance accompanied him to England, and there became his valet de chambre. And this valet's name was Jean Baptiste Constant, Swiss by birth.

After her abandonment by her legitimate protector, the career of Madame Valérie Blunt was rather more varied than reputable. She did not bewail the loss of her infant much. She was more in a rage with the infant's papa. She went back to Paris, and purged her contempt toward the direction of the Porte St. Martin by payment of a round sum of money which somebody paid for her. Somebody had become necessary now; and when she grew tired of somebody she changed somebody. But, although her beauty was now in its zenith, her prestige as an actress was gone. Some other "illustration dramatique," who showed more of her legs, wore a grass-green tunic, and had more diamonds than she, was convulsing Paris with admiration. "I will never sink to the second-rate," said Valérie. "I am tired of men and women. Let us see what can be made out of horses."

Madame Hummelhausen and her husband, going, one summer night, in 1834, to Franconi's Circus, saw Valérie, in a riding-habit and a man's hat, caracoling on a beautiful brown mare in the midst of the tan-carpeted ring. Stout Monsieur Adolphe Franconi followed her obsequiously, not so much as venturing to crack his whip. Monsieur Auriol, the clown, suspended his jokes during her performance. She was doing the haute école. Valérie of the Circus had become a greater celebrity than Valérie of the Porte St. Martin. She was the rage. When she came to England in the summer of '35, and to Astley's Theatre, Mr. Ducrow gladly paid her thirty guineas a week salary. She came again in '37 at higher terms; but she always wanted money, and more money.

This was the lady who was good enough to patronize the Hotel Rataplan. Constant had found her there, and, walking straight up to her room, had looked at her. She would have struck him, but there was something in his look that cowed her. He was no longer humble—no longer her slave.

She held out her hand.

"Let us sign a treaty. Allons! Let us be friends!"

So, without pens or paper, and on the basis of this protocol, the treaty was signed, and they were friends, after a fashion. And now that I have kept Monsieur J. B. Constant so long with his hand on the handle of the She-Wolf's door, he may surely turn it and go in.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FUN should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life; makes the disposition fresh and rosy as a maiden's kiss; scatters sunshine and flowers wherever it goes; gives the world a round, jolly countenance; makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good half rod between us.

In bull-fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding parental roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him, Growler, boy! hold him! Bear it, father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

A SINGULARLY PLURAL WHIM.

This world is full of whims and woe,
Without, there would be no man—
While love and virtue ever flow
From that blest woe called Wo-man.
Man's heart will thus rejoice in woe,
The glass, no face look grim in,
Who loves the whim of genial glow,
The whim of whims called Women.

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Wide ears and a short tongue.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
The danger past, and God forgotten.
Riches are but the baggage of fortune.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
Who spits against heaven it falls in his face.
There are none poor but such as God disowns.
Who weds ere he be wise shall die ere he thrive.
Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.
For what thou canst do thyself rely not on another.
He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.
He who hath much pease may put the more in the pot.
Love of lads and fire of chats is soon in and soon out.
The smoke of a man's own house is better than the fire of another's.
The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both.
There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.
Who spends more than he should shall not have it to spend when he would.
A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.
The foot on the cradle, and the hand on the distaff, is the sign of a good housewife.
When the good man is from home the good wife's table is soon spread.
There is no natural connection between great wealth and happiness; but great poverty and misery are nearly related. Though wealth won't warrant welfare, want won't withstand woe.

WEAR A SMILE.—You can, if you will, live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Some burglars, upon entering a house, blew out the lights, and tied the occupants in different parts of the room. One took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—In consequence of 1864 being Leap-year, we may be sure it will go off with a good Spring.

BOTH ARE RIGHT.—Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes," "or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

A STANZA FOR SPRING.

See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather;
And thou, my son, think not of rest
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

A doctor in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

COUNTRY PARSON'S WIFE (*to butcher*). "Oh, Cleaver (indignantly), what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had of you!"

CLEAVER. "Was there, Mum? I couldn't help that, you know, Mum; but, howsomever, the very fust fat bullock I do kill without any bone I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

What country of Europe should have the largest capital? Ireland; because its capital is always Dublin (doubling).

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore?—Because they are murmurs of the *tied*.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1769. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

A reservoir of water for the supply of a city is like a Dutchman—it never works without a pipe in its mouth.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

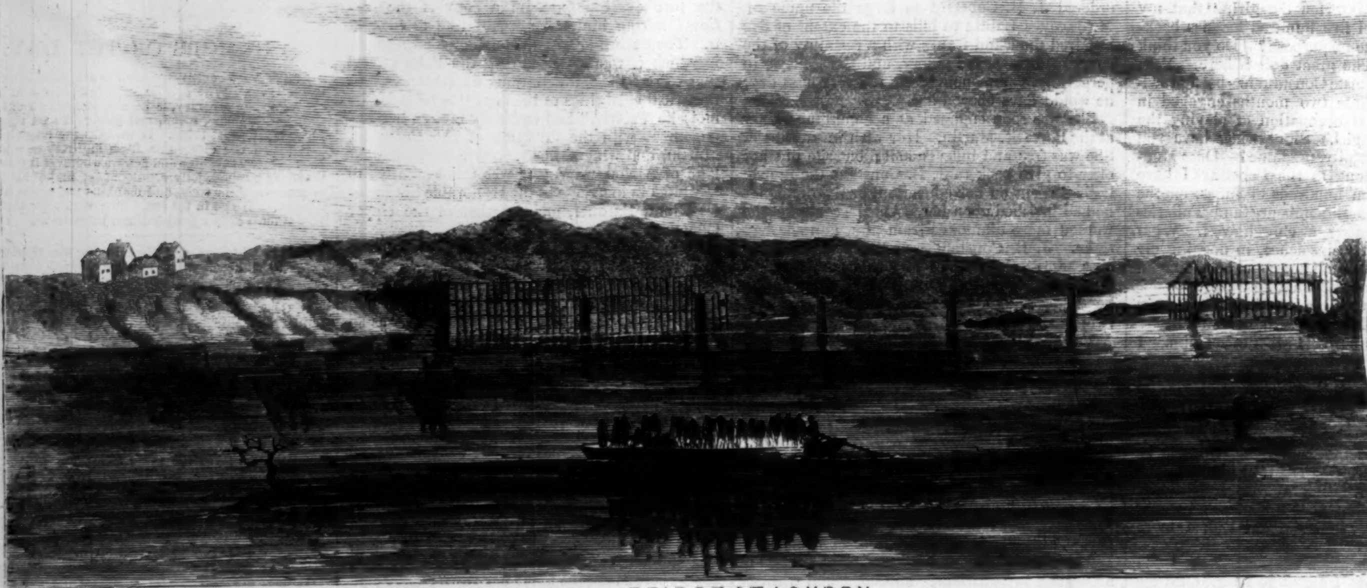
"Pardon my warmth," as the red-hot poker said to the clown when he inadvertently put it in his pocket.

A new tenor is engaged to appear with the promising name of Holler.

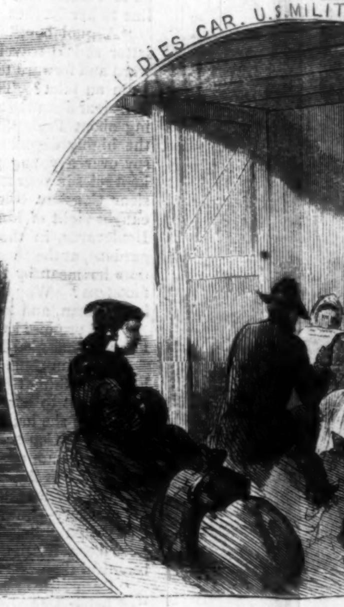
Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heaviest weight?—The crane.

The best preventive of fits is to buy your clothing at a slop-shop.

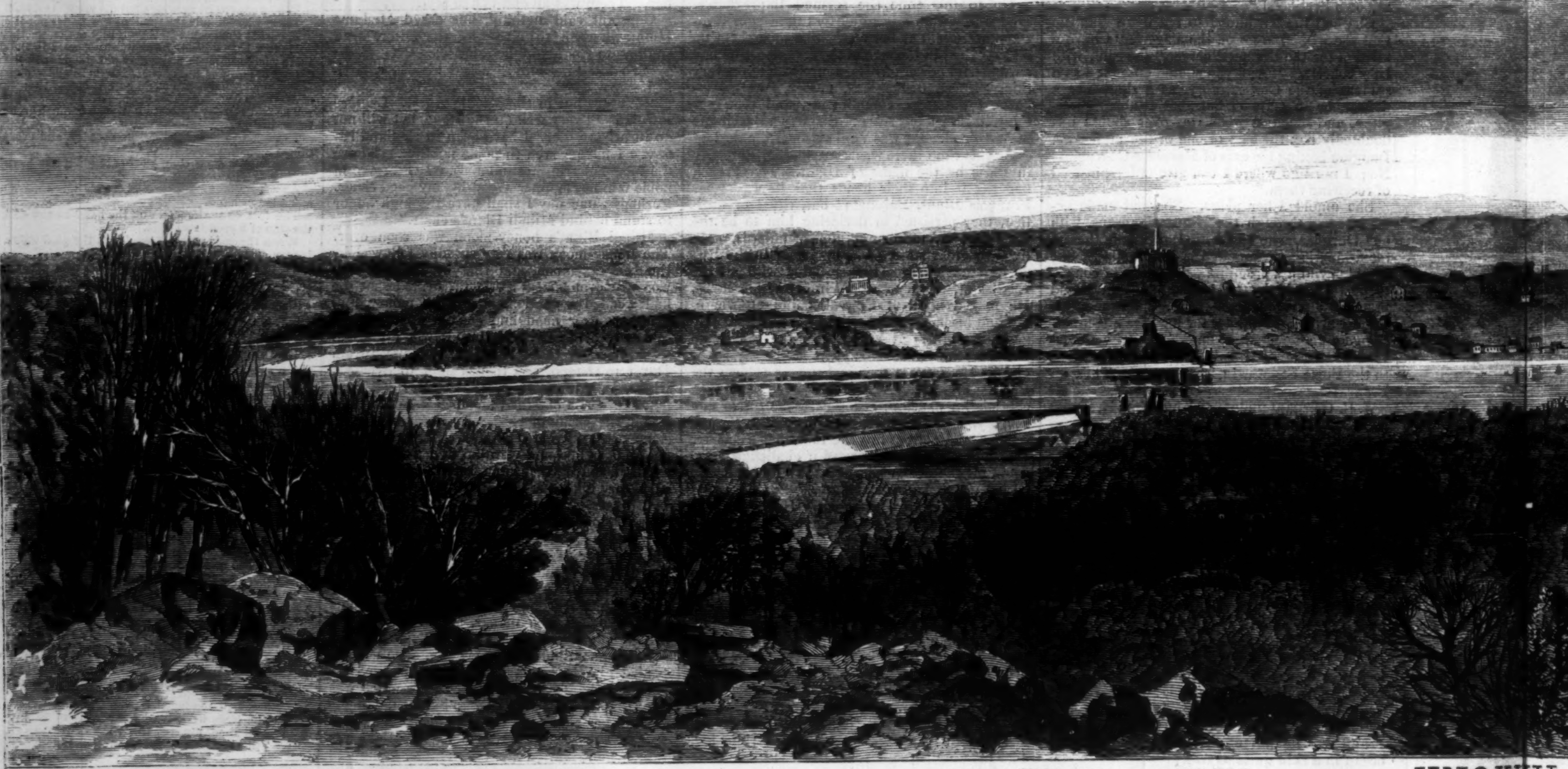
The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.



BRIDGE AT LOUDON.

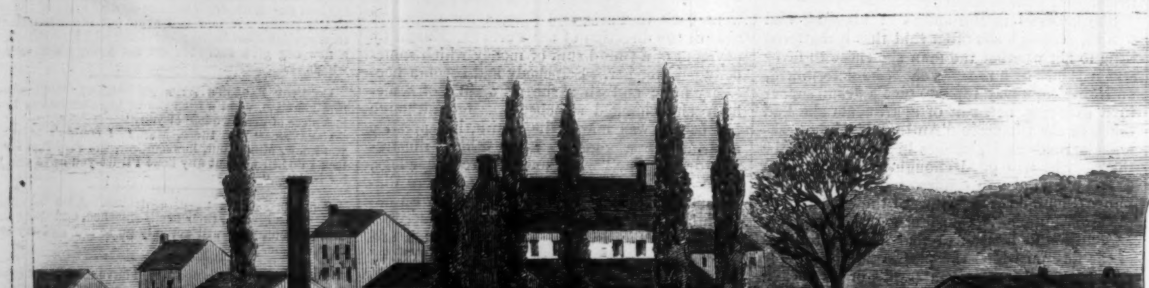


LADIES CAR, U.S. MILIT

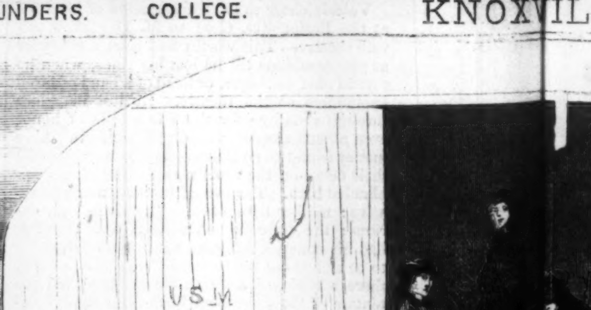


FT. SAUNDERS. COLLEGE.

KNOXVIL

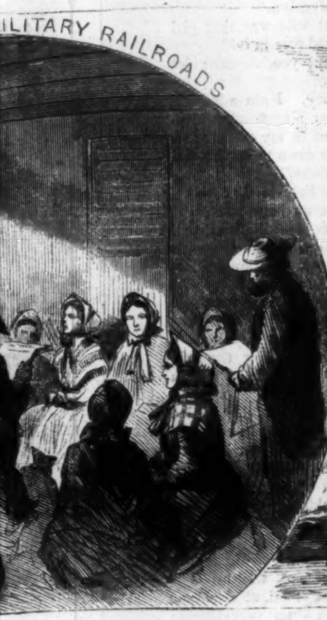


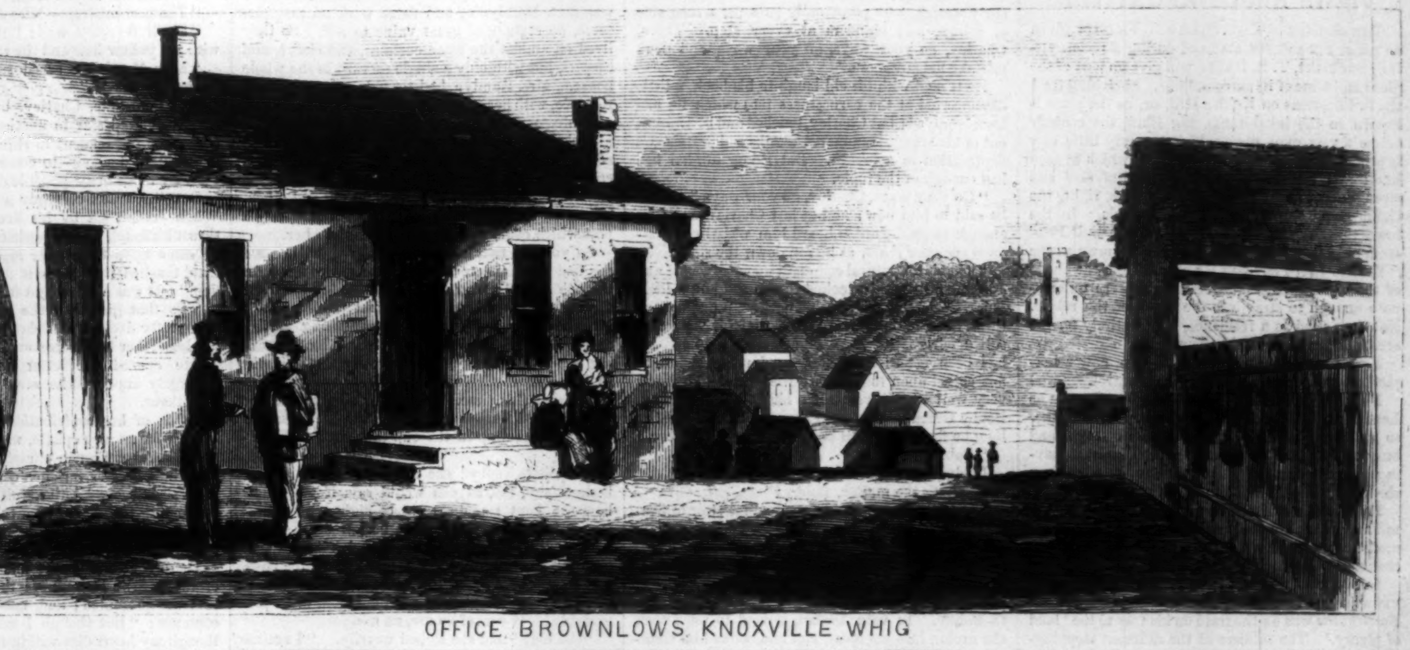
LENOIR'S MILLS



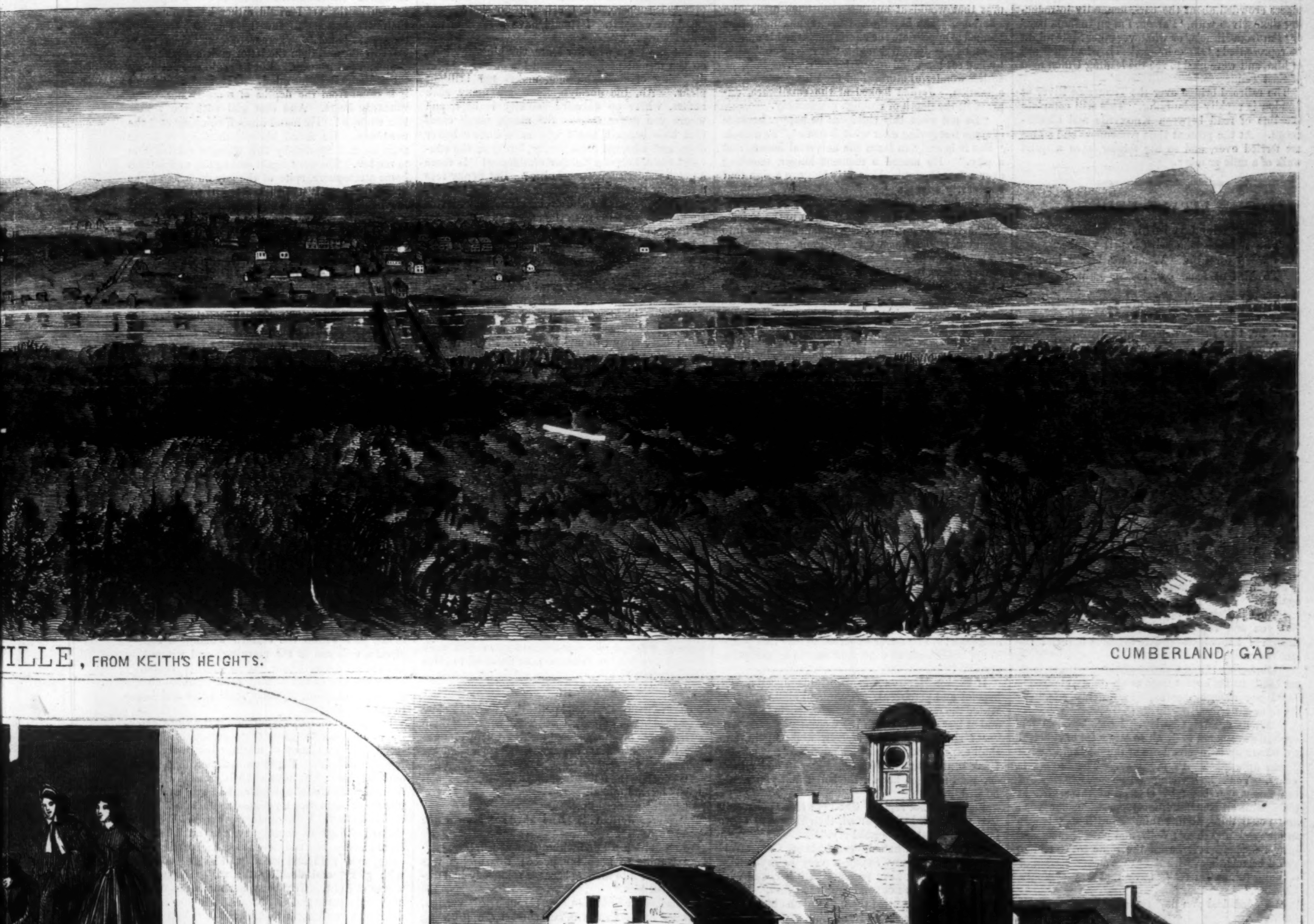
SOLDIERS SHAKING HANDS WIT

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—VIEWS AT KNO



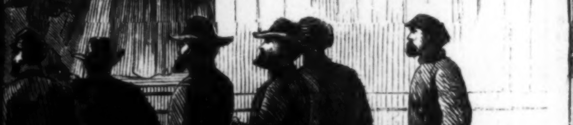


OFFICE BROWNLOWS KNOXVILLE WHIG

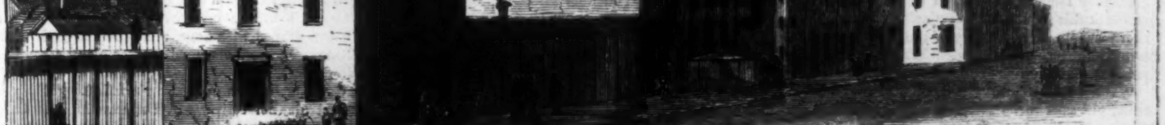


VILLE, FROM KEITH'S HEIGHTS.

CUMBERLAND GAP



WITH PARSON BROWNLOW.



COURT HOUSE AND YANKEE BULL PEN

KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY.—[See Page 234.]

VIEWS ABOUT KNOXVILLE.

THE sketches of KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY given on pages 232 and 233, obtained during a recent visit by our artist, T. R. DAVIS, will give an idea of the place and some of its surroundings. Sketching from the fortifications on Keith's Hill, or, as the place is known to the inhabitants, Big Bluff, the country seems a vast map, upon which a pretty little city is prominent, environed by rifle-pits, which at each knoll and hill become fortifications of size and strength. Far in the distance, to the right, the Cumberland Gap is just distinguishable. In the town the *Whig* office and the "Yankee Bull Pen" seem objects of interest. The prison known as the "Yankee Bull Pen" was for a long time the abode of the loyal East Tennesseeans who were unfortunate enough to stray into the hands of the rebels. Now it is used as a residence, kept entirely for the accommodation of its old proprietors.

Near the prison is the Court-house, now a hospital, over which Dr. BARRITT has control.

Near Knoxville is a picturesque place known as Lenoir's Mills, looking almost New England-like, so neat and thrifty is it, with quiet cottages and busy mills. The place has its local interest, having been the scene of frequent skirmishes between the loyal and rebel inhabitants of the country about.

From another illustration it will be seen that the military roads are not provided with special accommodations for ladies. As a consequence, ladies in that country generally stay at home.

In illustration of another of our views, Mr. DAVIS writes: "Returning from Chattanooga, Parson BROWNLOW was on the train on his way to the 'land of plenty.' The soldiers at the different stopping-places crowded about the cars, generally introducing themselves with, 'Parson, I'm an Indiana boy,' or 'I'm from Illinois,' or whatever other State might be represented; 'shake hands.' They had all heard of him, and were glad to see the leading Union man of East Tennessee."

The railroad bridge over the Tennessee River at Loudon is rapidly rebuilding. This will complete the line of road between Knoxville and Chattanooga. At the present time passengers and stores are ferried over, and so the former have a quiet walk of a mile or more.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND.

OUR little friend is in his grave;
The sod is green with April rain.
We weep for him. What would we have?
To him at least our loss is gain.

We lose the hope of future years—
Our child, our gallant little man;
But he, the future's pain and tears.
We will be happy if we can.

Or, if not happy, still, content
His peace should solace our despair.
God takes away the gem he lent
To set it with the star-beams fair.

AT THE FAIR.

I.

"WELL, Jordan!"

"Well, Charley!"

"Ain't you going?"

"Going where?"

"Going to the Fair," laughing at the chime of words.

Jordan settled himself comfortably in his seat again.

"No, Charley, my boy, I'm not going to the Fair. But you are, I perceive. How you are got up though! I should never dare to travel in such brilliant company."

"Oh, bother!" and Charley glanced, with an honest blush on his honest face, at his dandy clothes.

"I say though, Jordan," he quickly resumed, "you ought to go."

"Oh, hang fairs, Charley. I hate 'em. A fellow's always bored to death to buy a lot of rubbish. I'd rather by half contribute at the beginning what I can afford. That's my way. The buying is yours. You'll be a young swell there, Charley. I can fancy you beset by sixteen of those girls at once, with sixteen different propositions for you; and you'll think it fine fun. They'll delude you into buying any thing; dolls, and pin-cushions, and prayer-books. It'll be all the same to you; and you'll bestow them with the grace and discretion of a young prince. I really envy that way of yours, Charley."

"A good deal you do," returned Charley, disbelievingly.

"I do though, really. I'm in earnest, Charley."

Charley Duganne looked in surprise at his companion at this; but Ellery Jordan's face was serious. There was no sarcastic play of the lips, no laughing twinkle to the eyes, of which honest Charley Duganne was always somewhat in dread.

"Yes, I really do envy you, Charley. You come to the pleasant turns as easily as I do the disagreeable ones. You extract the sweet from life, while I am chewing the bitter cud. Every body likes you, every body smiles upon you; and all from that 'way' of yours; and it's the way of your heart, Charley, so I can't learn it. And all the time you look at me and think I'm such a smart fellow—that I know the world and a heap of things that you don't. And you think I look down from my wise height sometimes and laugh at you when you come in with your Fair-pleasures, and in a stunning new suit. Instead of that, Charley, I look at you with genuine admiration. I rejoice in your freshness, in your capacity for enjoyment of all sweet and simple pleasure. Don't think I regard you as any the less of a man for it. It's the generous boy's heart, Charley, that's in it all, and that makes me like the man who owns it. As for me, Charley, I am 'a great hulking fellow,' whom nobody cares very much about. I never carry sunshine with me, I never win hearts or smiles. I'm a gloomy, sullen, surly wretch, who perpetually gets the wrong side of things, and blunders at every step. There, Charley, go your ways, go your ways, and don't mistake me any more."

He turned with his old laugh to his book, a little disconcerted at the earnestness into which he had been betrayed; but Charley, touched and bewildered out of his senses, stammered thanks and praises and deprecation in a breath. But Ellery Jordan had had enough of the topic.

"Go your ways, Charley, go your ways," was all he said to him now; and at last Charley was wise enough to go. Jordan heard him whistling *Il segreto per esser felice*, as he ran down the stairs.

"That is his natural comment upon *my* way;" and Jordan smiled, then looked thoughtful and a little sad, then lost himself in his book. What do you think roused him from it, this cynic, this "gloomy, sullen, surly fellow?" A child's voice, crying. He had been conscious of it a good while before he felt called upon to look into the cause. He knew very well who it was. His landlady's little boy, Bobby Greene. But the grieved sobs continued so long he flung down his book and opened the door.

"Bobby!"

Bobby, surprised, held his peace for a moment.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

The little figure, sitting on the first stair disconsolate, burst out afresh at this sign of interest. Between broken words and sobs his questioner discovered that somebody, some nefarious uncle Dick or other, had failed to carry out a promise to take Bobby to the Fair. It was a heart-breaking thing to Bobby. In vain Jordan, moved to pity, took the urchin into his room, and laid before him treasures that would at another time have made him hilarious. The boy hushed his crying, indeed he seemed to appreciate the efforts made for his amusement, but, as Jordan thought, "It was no go." Bobby had set his mind upon the Fair. The Fair, of which wonderful stories had fired his youthful imagination. Jordan looked at the small face, expressing the depth of childish melancholy.

"So not even this child can be happy, because of some hungering after what is denied," he mused. "But it is early to learn the universal lesson, and a pity." He mused a moment longer, scowling over a new thought. Presently he gave a sigh that was partly a laugh.

"Bobby, go and ask your mother to wash off those tears, and tell her *I'll* take you to the Fair."

The transformation of the melancholy face into a bevy of smiles was a very swift one. Bobby ran off shouting with delight, while Jordan rose to effect some changes in his toilet. *His* face was not quite so full of delightful anticipation as Bobby's. He elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he thought of what he was about to inflict upon himself, for he hated Fairs, you know.

And this was a Soldiers' Fair. "How selfish of him!" you exclaim. Wait. He acknowledged that he preferred contributing what he could afford. And he did. But he has contributed more than those United States bills to the country. Long ago he gave *himself*. This is Captain Jordan, of the Hundred and something New York Volunteers. He is home on a furlough, not of simple ease and relaxation, but of necessity. Waiting for that right arm to get strength enough to wield a weapon. And leaving him here dressing for the Fair, let the story of the Fair run backward for a little in part.

II.

"SOPHY, you *must* help us in the post-office. We have counted upon you. Tell her it's her duty, Mrs. Hamlyn, to do the work that lies nearest. And this *is* her duty, for nobody is so swift of hand, and writes so beautifully as Sophy. Oh, Sophy, how *can* you refuse? Yes, yes, I know you've written heaps of letters—lovely letters I know they must be—but now at the very last to refuse to write the addresses! You never expected to take that place. Why, Sophy, where were your ears in all our preparations?"

If Sophy Hamlyn was firm, Ida Jocelyn was hopeful and persistent. Again and again she presented the case in its most piteous aspects to Sophy, and at last departed with the words:

"I shall come in to-morrow night again, and shall expect you to have yielded, Sophy; you know I ask it as a personal favor. I should never have accepted my post but for the belief that you would be with me."

Sophy did not reply. She kept on a cool steady face until Ida had departed, then she went up to her room and "had a good cry."

If I tell you what she cried about, I am afraid you will think my Sophy a very empty-headed young lady; but have patience with her, and with her story, and do not condemn her at first.

Sophy Hamlyn cried those vexed and bitter tears because—because she had "nothing to wear." You look about the pretty room, the curtains, the carpet, the vases. You note all the indications of a luxurious home, and you see Sophy in her graceful morning attire, and your lip curls disdainfully, and you comment severely upon the weak and wicked exaggeration of our girls. But you can not see the meaning of every thing at a first glance. Ida Jocelyn would tell you that the Hamlyns were not rich. That Mr. Hamlyn failed a few years ago, and has never been fortunate since. "Not actually poor, you know," the gay girl would go on; "only the Hamlyns can't give parties and keep a carriage, and Sophy don't have so much money to spend as she used."

This was all Ida Jocelyn knew about it. And this was all any body knew about it, but the Hamlyns themselves. When Ida Jocelyn went there, and had such a nice time with Sophy in that "home-like house," as she called it, she did not perceive that Mrs. Hamlyn looked tired and worn. She did not know how very, very simply they lived; how much they pinched and straitened. She saw only the pretty rooms just as she had always seen them, looking fresh and bright—for the years of change were too few to turn things shabby yet. And since that time, when Mr. Hamlyn went down, there had been no outward difference in their surroundings. Why should there have been? The house itself was Mrs. Hamlyn's; and there were no rare pictures, no statues of great value to sell. So they lived on amidst the same curtains, and chairs, and carpets, but with only a single servant in the whole house. Mrs. Hamlyn had turned, and pieced, and re-made, with her own hands and Sophy's help, dress after dress, until now poor Sophy's wardrobe furnished nothing further; and Sophy, sitting there alone in her room after Ida Jocelyn's departure, cried vexed and bitter tears over all the vexation and bitterness of this constant planning and pinching; over the want that kept her from accepting a post which could not but look alluring to her.

So you see that although Sophy cried because she had "nothing to wear," it was not so much for the one dress lacking for the one occasion, but for the constant wear and tear of that poverty which hides its thousand cares, its humiliating annoyances, its anxieties, its petty details behind a smiling mask. It was for the necessity that laid the limits so narrowly that a new dress even was impossible at this time. It was for all this that the bitter, vexed tears came, though the one dress was the one final drop in the cup that set it overflowing.

Poor little Sophy! she was but human. Brave little Sophy, too, as you would say, if you knew how she kept repinings out of sight, and almost out of suspicion; who taught herself much handiwork unknown before, and showed a bright face always to father, and mother, and those three boys. But it was hard about the Fair. Oh, if she could discover some way to make her only silk dress presentable! It was of no use, no use.

"Ah me!" and she sighed wearily. "I am too proud, I suppose, but I can not go shabby. I shouldn't enjoy it. I should have a sense of unsuitableness."

She lies there with her tears, thinking, thinking on the dismal prospect; while Ida Jocelyn, never dreaming of such thinking, makes her brilliant plans. Ah, Ida Jocelyn, there are many such homes, where an outward serenity is kept, and where you never suspect the many, many cares that hide beneath those who have known better days, and who, not from vanity, but from the educated taste, keep up the fair semblance! Is there a much sadder suggestion in life? But Sophy sees a rainbow through her tears.

"There's Aunt Martha's things!" And with this suggestion she slips from the couch, and dashes out of her room up into a far, dark corner of the attic, where lies that long-forgotten chest of relics, nearly a century old. The camphor-wood has kept them intact, and Sophy drags out a lilac brocade, with glistening eyes. It is no great flourishing pattern, but a trim design of star-work; not at all outlandish, Sophy thinks, and the color suited to her fair hair. Only three days before the evening of the Fair; but Sophy will undertake it. Fly, little fingers, over your pretty work. Ply, smoothly-shining needle, to aid this busy remodeling.

Ida Jocelyn, who came the next night, was radiant at the success of her persistence.

Two nights after she went into raptures over Sophy's toilet.

"Where did you get such a lovely dress—so strange, so piquant, and so becoming? And that lace at your throat is an heir-loom; and your hair all crimped and rolled into such pretty puffs, and the dear little red rose to crown it—oh, Sophy, you look like a little marchioness!"

Sophy bloomed like the red rose, and laughed blithely at *her* success, but she told no one of the heartache that preceded it. Sophy never told any one of her heartaches. First, because she was too proud to make confidantes of her girl friends; secondly, because she was too generous to burden her already burdened mother. She sewed her heartaches into her work, perhaps. Poor little Sophy! brave little Sophy! were there any of those gloomy threads stitched into the brilliant gown you wear to-night, or did the rainbow turn them all to shining promises?

III.

CAPTAIN JORDAN stood patiently by while Bobby refreshed himself on cakes and ices. Standing there twirling his mustaches, and looking forth from under heavy brows at the scene, he spies Charley Duganne.

"I declare the fellow is eating a tart like a school-boy!" he said, aloud.

Charley glanced up.

"What, Jordan!" And then: "How came you?"

And Jordan pointed with a shrug to Bobby.

"I came to keep the peace; this urchin was breaking it into flinders because somebody had disappointed him."

Charley's admiration saw through this version, but its expression was cut short by a growling "Pshaw!"

Walking with him through the rooms, Adjutant Duganne's finesse brought him at last before a window draped with flags, and glimpsing fair faces within. It was a charmed spot, as many a bearded loiterer testified.

Gay Ida Jocelyn nodded and smiled. "Do you expect another letter, Mr. Duganne? The California mail is just in."

Duganne nodded, and smiled back again. Gay Ida turned with a pretty, mock-business air. "Sophy, see if there is a letter for Mr. Duganne in this mail."

"Allow me to present to you Captain Jordan, Miss Jocelyn."

Then, as the Captain expressed it, he found himself "in for it;" and with an indifferent air he went through with the expected question, which Post-mistress Jordan preferred to her assistant, Sophy Hamlyn. "A letter for Captain Jordan?" The white missive dropped into his pocket, and dropped out of his mind at the same time. But with an eye for the beautiful, he could not help admiring the lovely faces that held their little court within.

"Isn't she a stunner for beauty?" exclaimed Charley, enthusiastically, as they withdrew a few paces for new-comers.

"Which she do you mean?"

"The post-mistress—Miss Jocelyn."

"She'll do very well; but who was that girl with the yellow hair and the red rose in it?"

"Miss Hamlyn. She'd suit you, Jordan; let me introduce you."

"You mistake, Charley, boy. I am admiring her as a fixed star in another planet. It's altogether too resplendent to shine in my orbit. She looks like a duchess—to come down to earth; and I am by no means a possible duke."

But there was certainly a Fate in that night. When Jordan sat by his fire an hour later, and thrust his hands into his pockets in meditative mood, he came upon that letter again. Vaguely as his hand touched it he drew it forth. "Captain Jordan." It was a firm hand for a woman.

"So that girl with the yellow hair wrote it. The pretty duchess! I should not care to look at her long; her brightness would put my eyes out."

He opened the letter and read it through. Strangely enough, the same handwriting within as without.

"One of her contributions, eh?" He settled himself for an airy epistle, made up of an occasional *bon mot* and French phrases. He found a curious kind of letter for such a gay-looking duchess. A straightforward letter, full of simple strength, purporting to come from a soldier's wife. Where had the gay duchess learned so much of the straitened lives of such as these?

He discovered his eyes moistening at the reality of the patient endurance; the sad, waiting hope that was presented; and, most of all, at the brave sentence: "But though I am very, very lonely; though my heart dies within me at every report of a fresh battle, yet I would rather have you there than here, because I know that there is your duty, there your honor." There were some tender, prayerful words, and then the letter ended. He folded it up and put it away. But he could not put away the contents from his mind. It seemed so real; as if it came from the depths of some strong, deep, womanly heart. And that girl with the yellow hair wrote it! He found himself thinking of it the next day. He found himself thinking of it the next week. By-and-by this thought carried him to see her. He went again and again, and in that home atmosphere, spite of the gay duchess air, he discovered how it was that this girl with the yellow hair could see so deeply into life. He saw that she wrote from her own heart—a heart deep and strong, and womanly and heroic. He went again and again; and if her brightness put his eyes out, he gained a clearer vision wherewith to see. He saw no longer a gay duchess, but Sophy Hamlyn, a brave little philosopher—Sophy Hamlyn, the only woman in the world to him.

A fellow-officer, who came home the other day and offered cordial congratulations to Captain Jordan on his success in winning Miss Hamlyn, said, wonderingly,

"And where did you find her? I did not think such a woman lived except in a book—so simple and earnest and charming!"

And Captain Jordan answered, smiling,

"I found her at the Fair, where, I am inclined to think henceforth, are to be found all the good things of life."

AUNT DEBBY'S BROWN COTTAGE.

THROUGH the vines curtaining with green the low windows the morning sun fell with shattered rays into a cozy chamber, plainly but tastily furnished, with rude pictures on the walls, an old-fashioned clock on the mantle, a Bible and hymn-book on the stand, and bouquets of newly-gathered flowers filling every corner-perch. From an airy niche, just within the eastern window, a canary piped a welcome to the morning; and without, in the stately trees, whose leaves blushed radiantly under the kiss of the sunrise, robins caroled cheery strains, rehearsing joyously their loves and hopes to the listening air.

Lucy Larcom, looking out amidst the vines, catching in one view the glory of the scene, stood enraptured, each revelation of minuter beauties increasing her delight. Eighteen summers had drifted over her head; but none of them, though they had been all galleries of splendors, had ever unfolded a picture of such rare loveliness as that now spread out before her. Until yesterday her foot had never pressed the green country sward; until this soft June morning she had never seen the sunrise broadening over field and meadow, touching the hills with glory, and flooding the valley-depths with waves of light. City-born, her memories were all of city pleasures and city scenes. She was as much a stranger, walking with doubtful feet, in the realm to which she had now come, as she could have been had a veil all her days obscured her sight and hidden the world in impenetrable shadow.

Why had she slipped away from her city home and found a refuge in the brown cottage of Aunt Debby, on the edge of Riverton? She could hardly have told—at least she would not have cared to tell—had you asked her. It was not because her city home did not abound in all pleasant things; it was not because society had closed its doors against her, or her authority in the circles of fashion had been discarded. Lucy Larcom was welcome every where; her word was law whenever she pleased to have it so. Nor was it because she had wearied of life's pleasures; she relished them, when innocent and timely, as keenly as she had ever done. It was simply because she was dissatisfied with the temper of the world about her; with its materialistic dogmas and practices in a time of vast moral needs; its coldness and apathy in the presence of sublime duties; its pursuit constantly of other than innocent amusements and pleasures. She could not forget that the nation was at war; that hundreds and thousands of homes were darkened by suffering; that multitudes of maimed, smitten ones were walking up and down with shadows on their lives; that a great principle, involving not merely peace and safety, but the life of liberty, was at stake in the conflict whose murmurs filled all the air and made the land vocal with its cries. Ever since Ned had gone to the field—Ned, the dear brother who shared with her every confidence, rambled with her in dewy twilights in the same familiar walks, read with her the same books, and sung the songs she taught him—her thought had grown constantly more serious and earnest; through every scene of gayety her eyes looked to fields ghastly and dismal, to camps crowded with grim paraphernalia of war, to homes with chairs empty and the feet of orphans pattering on their floors. But society around her was not touched with this mood: its days were full of merriment; its nights radiant with gayeties. Indeed, more than once she had been rebuked for what her associates termed her "sickly sentimentality," her growing abstraction in the presence of the grandest social events; and so at last, dissatisfied with herself, at issue with society about her, she had quitted her home and stolen down to plain Aunt Debby's, yearning for rest and refuge, longing to study and enjoy the Real and the True, with her own heart only as interpreter of Nature's honest teachings.

Captain James Hunt, lying at his tent-door in the June twilight, looking listlessly down upon the Rappahannock flowing silently below him, was suddenly saluted with,

"Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

Captain Hunt was upon his feet in a moment.

"A letter for me! Who can it be from? I haven't, so far as I know, a correspondent in all the world."

Captain Hunt, let it be stated here, was an orphan, standing alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near kith or kin. From boyhood he had fought his own battle, and had fought it bravely, with a true manliness of soul. One friend he had, a woman, many years his senior, who, for his father's sake—who once had been very dear to her heart—had more than once exhibited a direct interest in his welfare; but with all her kindness there was a crust in her character—a brusque, sharp something he could not define—which had made intimate communion impossible; thus leaving him, after all, self-dependent. When the war-trumpet was blown over the land he was a tutor in the village academy, respected by all, but without any close companionships; and with the first alarm, putting by his books, he went to the one person whose counsel alone he had ever sought, and said, "The flag, Aunt Debby"—so she was called of all who knew her—"has been insulted; war is upon the land; ought I not to go to the field?" The answer was, "Yes; no true soul will falter now!" and in a week he was at the Capital, enrolled in the Union service, prepared to do and die in its behalf; more happy than he had ever been before, because now he felt he had a sublime work to do—an object to accomplish whose grandeur all history must celebrate.

But this June evening he had been saying to himself, "This is a lonely life I am leading, with no intimate friendships, no close attachments; with none in whom to confide—it is a very, very dreary life!"

Just then came the announcement, "Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

You may be sure his nimble fingers were not long in clutching the secret of the precious pages.

"I have felt anxious, James"—so the letter ran—"that you should know I have not forgotten you, though you have been so long away out of our sight. It has been a joy to me that, thus far, no harm has touched you. I think of you very often, James, hard as my nature is; and, in my poor way, pray that you may still be kept from all evil. And thinking of you so much, my fingers could not keep still, and so I have made you a few homely handkerchiefs, and the like, which I shall send soon after this. Maybe you will find them useful in some day to come; and if they only help you to remember the lonely 'Aunt Debby'—much as it may surprise you to have me say so—I shall be content."

"The dear, good old soul!" said Captain James to himself, brushing a tear from his eye, "who would have thought that, under the rough crust of her demeanor, there was such a wealth of thoughtfulness and love?—But what's this?"

Turning the leaf, Captain James had discovered at the top of the page this: "P.S. Lucy Larcom, my brother's child, has just come down from the city to stay with me a while. She bids me send her 'duty'—for every soldier, she says, is her friend."

Captain Hunt folded his letter and put it away with a puzzled, wistful look in his face.

"Lucy Larcom—I have heard of her. A handsome, brilliant girl, rich and cultivated, shining in drawing-rooms, at operas and fêtes. And yet"—it seemed to please the Captain to add the "and yet"—"she must have a true woman's heart if, amidst all her gayeties, she has found time to think of the poor fellows in the field."

The Captain somehow thought very often that day, and during after-days, of the postscript to Aunt Debby's letter. Coming just at the moment when a sense of loneliness oppressed and saddened him, the thought it suggested that mayhap, sometime, he would find comfort and joy in the love of a true heart, stirred new depths of feeling, started a whole brood of pleasing fancies, and dissipated all the despondency which was gathering upon him.

But all these thoughts were put effectually to flight at last. Suddenly the intelligence came that Lee's army had moved into Pennsylvania, and this, almost immediately, was followed by an order for the whole Federal force to march in pursuit.

Captain Hunt, restless and uneasy, hailed with delight the prospect of active duty. He might, at least, if he could do nothing for the cause, escape the troubling thoughts which were pressing upon him, filling his mind with images that might, after all, prove only a delusion and a cheat.

His corps was the first to break camp. The march was a long and weary one, but it had its glimpses of rest, its anticipations of battle and victory; and at last, on the morning of the 1st of July, the corps came in sight of Gettysburg, around which the enemy were already concentrating.

Soon the battle began, rolling along the hills in fiery grandeur. Captain Hunt pressed into it with an enthusiasm amounting to rapture. At first success was ours at every point; the enemy could not resist the impetuous assaults of our gallant braves, and gave way in confusion and disorder. But soon reinforcements came upon the scene; the enemy hastily re-formed their lines, and again met the pursuers with solid front, slowly driving back our jaded columns toward Seminary Ridge. Captain Hunt, always the first in assault, was among the last in retiring. Fearless to a fault, the white heat of battle could never appall him, but the mere thought of possible defeat was full of pain. So moodily, almost recklessly, he followed the retreating column, as, sweeping along the plain, it began to climb the height and take fresh position.

But his mood found complete change before the crest was finally reached. Trudging forward he suddenly came upon a lieutenant lying, with a gaping wound in his side, just at the foot of the hill, and vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood flowing from the hurt. In the confusion the young officer—he did not seem to be over twenty—had apparently been forgotten, and was lying just where he fell in the first advance. There was something in the face of the wounded boy which instantly attracted Captain Hunt; and gathering him in his arms, with the aid of a soldier he carried him at once out of danger, when, leaving the boy in charge of the other, he hurried away for his regimental surgeon, whom finding, he dispatched at once to the relief of the stranger.

Meanwhile the battle was growing hot again. The Eleventh Corps, coming to Reynolds's help, the enemy had again been pushed backward over the disputed ground, and we held once more the line first occupied. But the conflict was desperate and terrible. Nor was victory permanently ours. A second time our line was driven back; Reynolds had fallen; whole regiments had been swept away in the fiery storm; and so at last, bleeding, broken, sad, the brave columns again retired, and at four o'clock in the afternoon found pause and safety in a position whence they could not be driven.

But Captain Hunt did not this time accompany his command. In the very thick of the conflict, while bravely leading his men, he was struck down by a brace of rebel bullets, and for an hour lay helpless and bleeding where he fell. Then, found by a surgeon who was passing over the field, he had been carried to a hospital, and there, while his regiment was establishing itself in the early evening in its new position, was suffering the amputation of an arm, hopelessly shattered by the bullets which some unerring sharp-shooter had sent him as an autograph.

The battles of Gettysburg were ended; the news of our great victory had flashed over the land like a new benison on our dear Independence-day; the dead on the battle-field had been buried, and the wounded gathered up and cared for, and in thousands of homes waiting hearts, trembling with anxiety and fear, yearned through day and night for intelligence of absent dear ones, or smitten households, mourning over heavy losses, yet thanked God that the foe had been vanquished, and his pride broken in the dust.

In the brown cottage of Aunt Debby at Riverton, hung as it was with summer bloom, two such waiting hearts questioned every passing hour for news from the field. Lucy Larcom thought continually of Ned; what fate had been his; was he yet alive, or lying among the dead on the field, his face ghastly under the bleaching sun and rains? And Captain Hunt, Aunt Debby wondered with sad thought, what had been *his* fate? Would he ever come again with his old smile to the brown cottage, or must the years go on, scattering only on his nameless grave their faded leaves?

With such thoughts as these, full of pain, sharper at times than any knife, keener than any sabre-thrust, these two waiting ones sat through the drifting days.

"Out of the deepest dark rises the starriest hope." So Lucy's anxiety, almost amounting at last to despair, found full relief one bright afternoon, when a Lieutenant, with bronzed face and faded uniform, alighted unexpectedly at Aunt Debby's door, and, walking hastily up the graveled walk, caught the old lady in his arms, and before she knew it had half smothered her with kisses.

"Why, Ned!"

That was all the dear woman found voice, at first, to say in reply to this sudden, full-hearted salutation. She had been taken completely by surprise, having no pickets out, and could only look at the captor with astonishment, not unmingled, however, with affection. Lucy, when she came in from a ramble, in which she had thought only of the brother absent, was no less surprised and delighted. Ned said he would as soon face a battery as encounter the fusilade of questions, exclamations, and interjections which the sister, supported by the inquisitive Aunt Debby, poured upon him. But he succeeded at last in satisfying all inquiries; and Lucy, with no shadow now upon her heart, became happy again as a brother's presence could make her.

Ned, so he told them, had been wounded in the first day's fight; had been carried to a house in Gettysburg, where, slowly growing in strength, he remained for a fortnight, when he was permitted to go home. There he spent some days, when, missing Lucy's pleasant face, he had run down into the country, hoping there to recuperate fully his wasted energies in the few days that yet remained to him of his furlough.

Happy as Aunt Debby was to have Ned under her eye, safe from the battle's rage, her anxiety as to Captain Hunt did not abate. At times she felt inclined, woman as she was, to go in quest of him; but this, reflection told her, would most probably be a useless labor, and so she could only wait and watch, hoping that in some way her solicitude would ultimately find relief, even if the Captain himself should never again be restored to her sight.

It was Commencement-day at Riverton Academy. In the old church, poplar-guarded, on the village green a crowd of anxious fathers, mothers, sisters, and friends were assembled in honor of the occasion. Lucy Larcom, with brother Ned at her side, was there, scores of manly eyes fixed upon her pleasant face. The scene was not as brilliant nor the company as fashionable as at many entertainments Lucy had attended, but she enjoyed it none the less keenly; it had the spice of simplicity and novelty; the people around her were something better than artificial shams; the inspiration of the place was robust and practical; and, besides, was not Ned sharing with her the pleasure of the hour?

The exercises were almost concluded, when, during a little pause, there was a sudden stir at the door, and a moment after an officer with a single arm, his face pale, and step weak and faltering, was seen moving up the aisle, half-supported by the village squire and a white-haired deacon known to all Riverton. Suddenly, as the pale face came in full view, a great shout rose from the assembly, and rolling into a cheer, was again and again repeated, every face brightening, almost every hand fluttering "a cambric welcome" to the coming one.

For one in that assembly the pale face of the one-armed officer, standing silent and abashed in the presence of the tempest of applause, had a peculiar fascination. As Ned Larcom looked upon that face he remembered, instantaneously, another scene—a scene of carnage and death, with streams of blood-stained litters, crowded with wounded, flowing through it; with heaps of dead lying far and near; with the flash of guns running along the hills, and the roll of drum and bugle throbbing grandly through the battle-pauses; and chief of all, himself lying helpless with *that* face bending over him, and the tongue, that seemed powerless now, whispering words of cheer and comfort.

He saw in the wounded man whom all Riverton saluted with applause his deliverer on the field of Gettysburg.

"Who is it, Ned?" said Lucy Larcom, when the cheering for a moment ceased.

Ned did not for a moment answer. Then he said, his eyes resting still on that face,

"I can not tell you his name, sis, but I can do something better than that: whatever his name, he is the man who saved your brother's life on that dreadful day."

Ned had told both aunt and sister the story of his rescue, and Lucy, understanding now Ned's interest in the stranger, felt her own heart warming toward him with gratitude.

Just then a voice was heard in faint, fluttering accents, speaking words of thanks for the unexpected welcome. "I left an arm at Gettysburg," the weak voice said, "but this more than compensates for the loss." And then the voice was still again, but another broke the silence with, "Let us thank God that Captain Hunt is safe again;" and then every head was bowed, and the old clergyman of the village gave voice to the thanksgiving of every heart.

Captain Hunt! Here was a wonderful revelation for Ned and his sister. This brave fellow who had saved his life was the same about whom good Aunt Debby was so troubling her thought. He did not wonder now that all Riverton rose to do him honor—he was ready himself to lie at his feet, the brave, manly, modest hero.

At last the programme was ended; the crowd slowly drifted away; and then Ned Larcom, unable longer to restrain his impatience, pressed impetuously forward, caught the empty sleeve in his grasp, and, with tears in his eyes, vehemently exclaimed,

"The arm that was in that sleeve, Captain Hunt, carried me from death unto life; I am here to offer you my arm to lean upon, if need shall be, in life's coming days." Then, in a moment, in a voice more subdued, "You remember it, Sir?"

Captain Hunt looked into the eager face; and he *did* remember.

How Ned Larcom thereupon narrated to all within hearing the story of his rescue at Gettysburg; how brave Captain Hunt blushed like a girl at hearing his praises so warmly sounded; how Ned told him of Aunt Debby's alarm for his safety, and how he carried him away at last to the brown cottage, supporting him on his stronger arm as he went—all this is recorded in the history of that day in Riverton chronicles, but need not be repeated here.

But where, meanwhile, had Lucy gone? The moment Ned had left her, she had stolen away, with a strange sensation at her heart, to tell the glad news to Aunt Debby, who was yet in ignorance of every thing, Captain Hunt having been taken prisoner the moment he arrived in the village and hurried off by force to the church; and now as the two approached, the Captain walking feebly, she met them at the gate with a smile, hiding under it whatever feeling the events of the day may have stirred in her heart.

"This is my sister, Lucy Larcom, Captain Hunt."

A quick flush crept into the Captain's face at that name. He remembered the message sent him in that name in Aunt Debby's letter when he was lying, months before, on the Rappahannock; remembered what sweet dreams and ardent hopes that message had excited—how life for the time grew full of promise and bloom; and it was with something of the old hope in his eyes that he met the greeting which Ned's "And this, sis, is my preserver, you know!" made necessary.

A month had slipped away; September had come, trailing her scarlet glories along upland and valley; but still Lucy lingered with Aunt Debby. Ned had gone; almost daily letters came, entreating her to return to her city home; but she thrust them all aside with indifference and remained. She had grown strangely silent and reserved in the few weeks gone; her face, indeed, was still bright and fresh, but it wore a more sober look than aforetime; her manner had become more subdued; in a word, she seemed to be hiding her thought within herself, and yet clearly it was a sweet thought which had no need to fear the eye of the world.

Captain James Hunt, too, seemed wonderfully changed in these latter days. He came often, it was true, to the brown cottage on the village slope. At first, while Ned remained, he had talked freely, as he had been wont, sometimes sitting for hours in the pleasant parlor, looking by stealth into Lucy's face; but of late he had become reticent, sometimes distant in his manner, Lucy's reserve seeming only to increase his own, and add to the discomfort he manifestly felt.

But one soft twilight, sitting with Lucy on the vine-hung piazza, a look of rare resolution came into the Captain's face. You could see at a glance that some new purpose was nerving his thought and making him strangely bold.

"I am going away soon, Miss Lucy—in a week at most."

He said it abruptly, and in the dim light he saw the girl's face grow white as the answer came, haltingly,

"So soon, Captain Hunt?"

"But," he continued, as if she had not spoken, "before I go I have one thing to ask." He paused a moment, and then, in a low voice, added, "I have been all alone in the world, Miss Lucy; in the hot battle-days, in the silence of the bivouac, on the weary march, no memory of a love in some home behind me has ever strengthened my soul or lifted me to lofty deeds for its sake. But these last days in which I have loitered here away from duty have brought me a Hope, Miss Lucy, which has sung to me in the night, has brightened my days, and made life dearer than it ever seemed before. One thing only I now lack, and that is the assurance that some day that Hope may blossom into fulfillment—and *you* alone can tell me, Lucy, whether it ever may."

Lucy Larcom's heart beat sharply, almost painfully; her face grew luminous, but she did not answer.

"My hope, Lucy, has been only this: that *you* might be mine; that when I go away again to the field I may bear *your* love with me as a comforter and friend. Must that hope, Lucy, be in vain?"

The downcast eyes were lifted now; the white hands, lying so listless before, crept into the waiting palm at once so tender and so true; and Lucy Larcom, with a look of love and trust on her face that made it shine as the sunrise of a great hope, replied,

"You have given one arm, James, to your country; I shall be proud and full of joy to find shelter and refuge under the other."

SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

LONELY musing in the twilight,
  When the lengthening shadows fall,
Spirits bright and holy Angels
  Come obedient to my call:
Lost and loved ones gone before me,
  Phantoms fair from memory won,
Seem to flit before my Fancy,
  Midway to the setting sun.

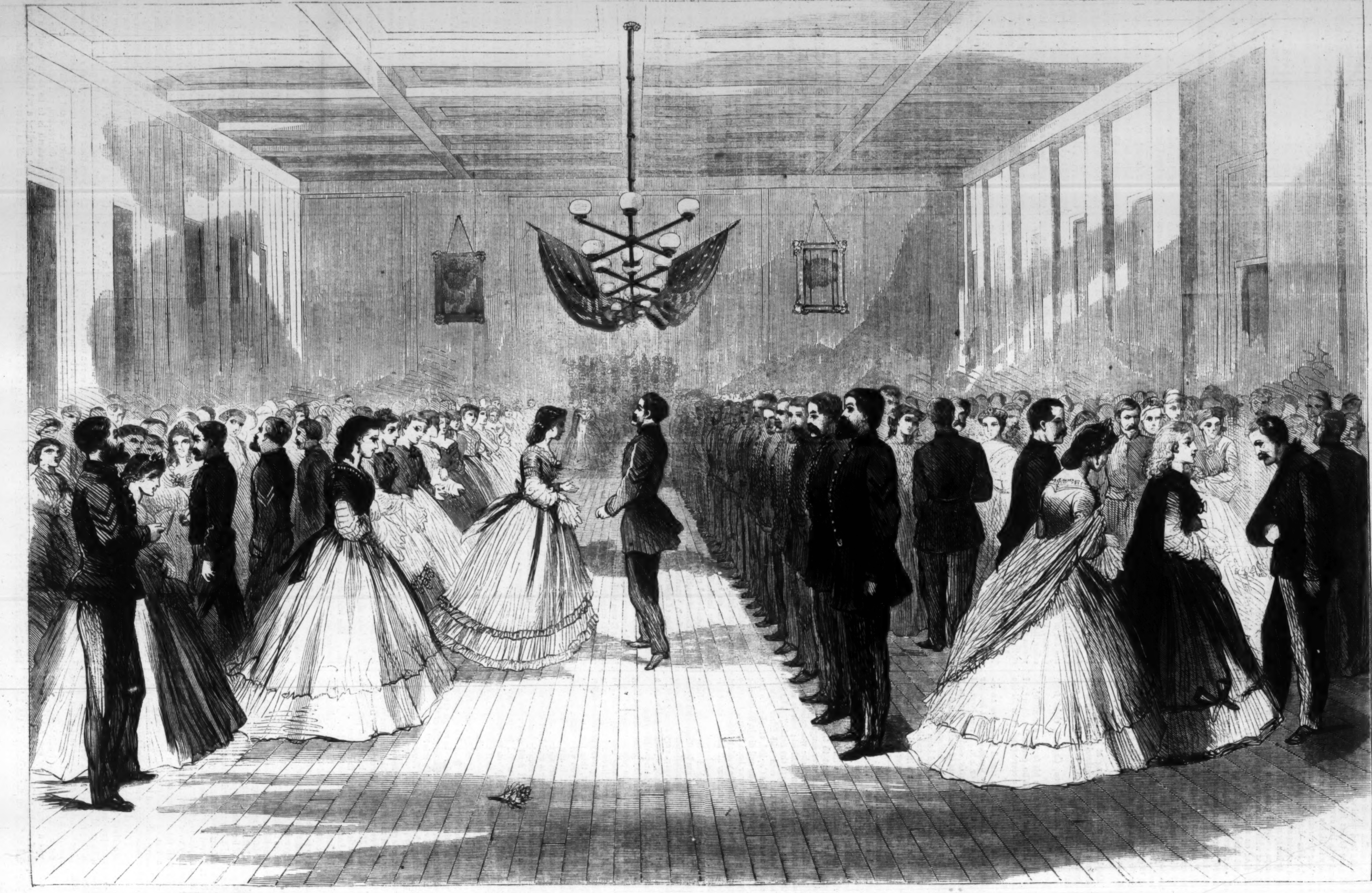
I can see them, robed in Beauty,
  Some rejoicing, some forlorn,
Friendly all, and sent to guide me
  Out of Darkness into Morn.
On the chimes I hear their voices
  Whispering solace from the skies.
Holy Angels, hover near me!
  Fit my soul for Paradise!

MILITARY BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

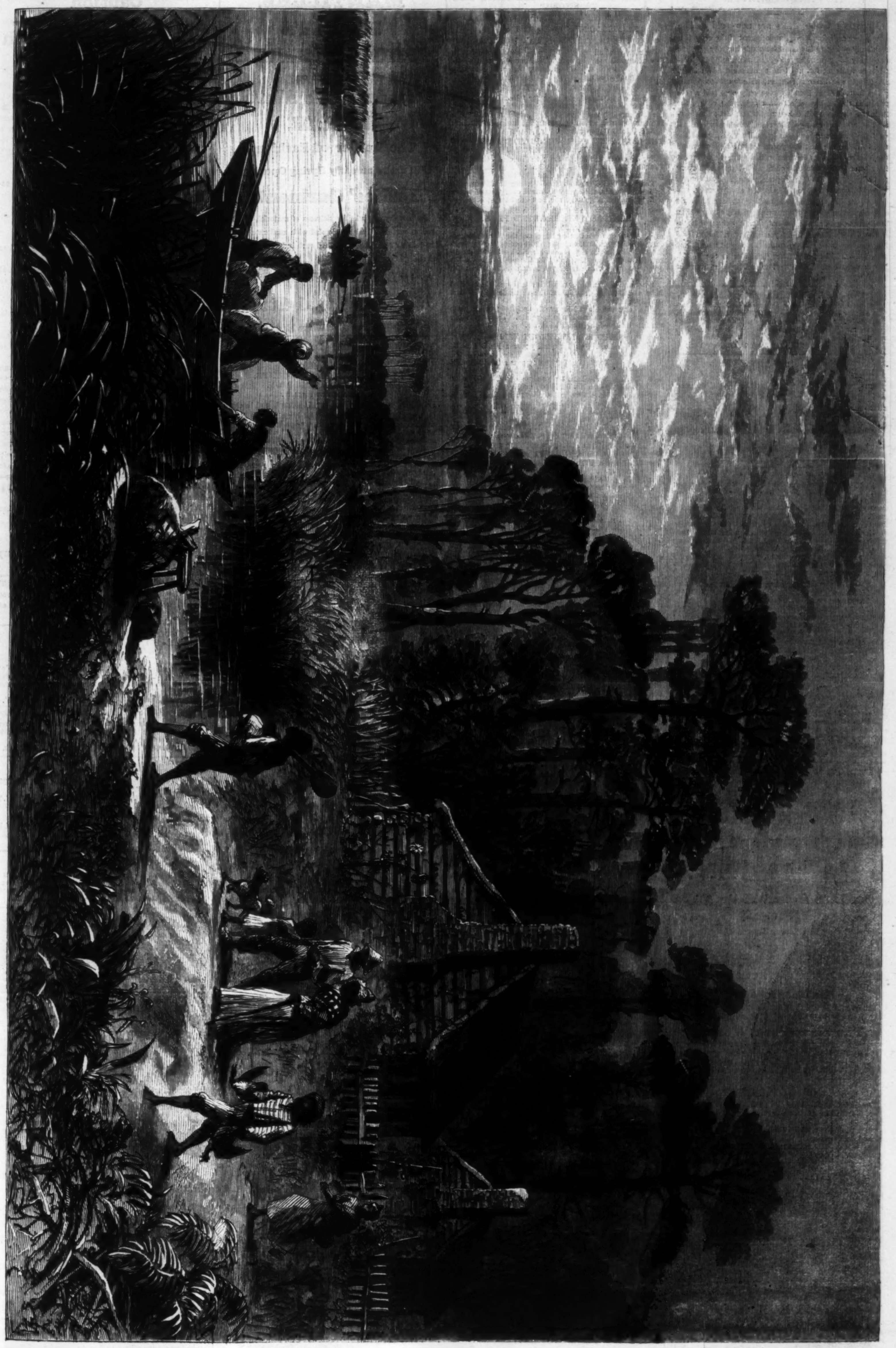
THE view on page 236 of a ball of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Fifteenth Corps at Huntsville, Alabama, is thus described by Mr. DAVIS, who furnishes the sketch: "Since the occupation of this place by General LOGAN the soldiers have made many friends, and a few evenings since they gave a ball, at which a considerable number of ladies were present. The ball was as well conducted and as full of enjoyment as any affair of the kind ever given in this place. The soldiers, with their well-brushed though somewhat worn uniforms, clean white gloves, and bronzed, happy faces, presented a sight well worth seeing. Their very intimate acquaintance with balls of a far different nature and mission seemed to have peculiarly prepared them for enjoying such a gathering. The sketch gives the 'Virginia Reel,' danced with energy, and often performed as many as seven or eight times during the evening. General LOGAN attended the ball for a short time, and expressed himself pleased to see the quiet respect that was every where shown the gentler sex by their brave attendants."

NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.

THE view on page 237 illustrates a phase of the war which the rebels have found it difficult to contemplate with any complacency. The exodus of the slaves from the bondage which has so long oppressed them has been steady and continuous from the moment the first blow was struck against the national honor, and it still goes on, hundreds and thousands of the poor, outraged creatures coming weekly into the Union lines at all points in the field. Our sketch gives an admirable view of the desolation which surrounds the homes of the negroes, and the heartiness and energy with which they make their way to freedom upon the slightest opportunity. The Federal gun-boat, it will be seen, lies far out at sea, but the sharp eyes of the waiting, watching bondmen have caught sight of the flag she carries; they know there is shelter under it for them, and launching their little boat, they carefully put the aged and infirm, with their few more valuable effects, aboard, and, with a pang, it may be, at leaving their rude home, but with hope and joy in their hearts at the prospect of deliverance, pull away from the shore, which henceforth is to be to them only a dark, dreary line marking a yet darker past. There is pathos as well as history in the picture.



SOLDIERS' BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA—DANCING THE "VIRGINIA REEL."—[SEE PAGE 234.]



NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Morton's Gold Pens are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

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THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

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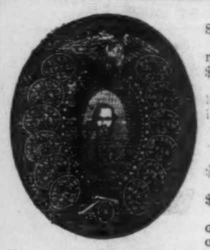

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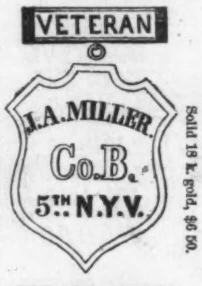
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By the Author of
"Who will care for Mother now,"
"Mother would comfort me," &c., &c.
Entitled,
"He was not Afraid to Die."
Words and Music by
Charles Carroll Sawyer.

(The Colonel of one of our Regiments thus concludes a letter written to the family of a noble soldier, who was killed in battle; "You will always have these cheering words to console you—'He was not afraid to die!'")

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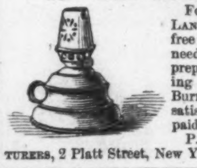

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It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The second has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The third has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

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A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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The upper edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angles noticed in all other collars.

The cravat causes no puckers on the inside of the turn-down collar—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the neck.

The Garotte Collar has a smooth and evenly finished edge on both sides.

These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cut in the form of a collar, but are molded and shaped to fit the neck.

They are made in "Novelty" (or turn-down style), in every half-size from 12 to 17 inches, and in "Eureka" (or Garotte), from 13 to 17 inches; and packed in "solid sizes" in neat blue cartons, containing 100 each; also in smaller ones of 10 each—the latter a very handy package for Travellers, Army and Navy Officers.

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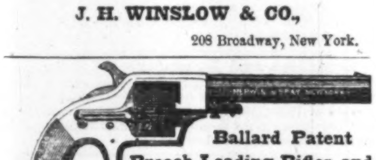

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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition*. *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

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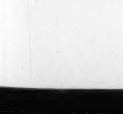

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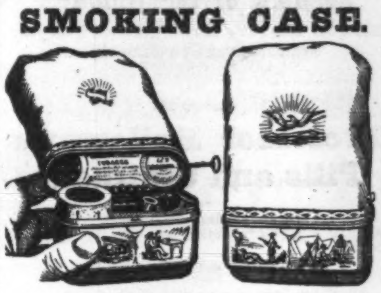

Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

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And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

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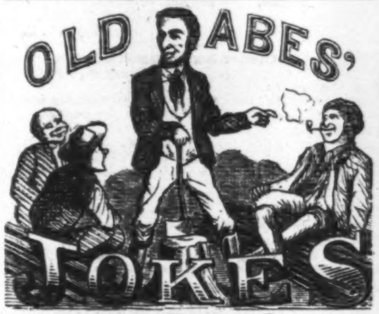

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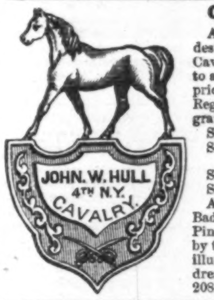

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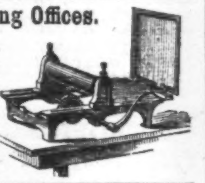

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12th Regiment Ball.

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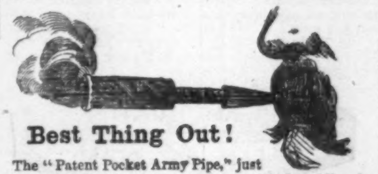

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